

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



HE'S A **POLLYGAMIST**

a POLLYGAMIST is a man who is wedded to 'Polly'
because it makes the liveliest partner for "Scotch".

Apollinaris

Natural Sparkling Water — bottled at the Spring.



By Appointment Cyder-makers to
THE LATE KING GEORGE VI THE LATE QUEEN MARY
William Gaymer & Son Ltd., Attleborough & London



Gaymer's CYDER

Preferred by people of good taste

GREYS cigarettes



Try it for a change... and you'll buy it as a habit

HARDEN'S TEA

THERE IS A BLEND TO SUIT EVERY TASTE

Formerly known as the famous DOCTOR Tea and still blended by Harden Bros. & Lindsay Ltd., 121 Cannon St., E.C.4



By Appointment
Toilet Soap Makers
to the late King George VI

FINE ENGLISH SOAPS

in the
Brownley
Tradition

McVITIE & PRICE

Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits

EDINBURGH

LONDON

MANCHESTER

The favourite

Bass



of course

VAPEX

For head colds

B-R-E-A-T-H-E
THE VAPOUR
from the handy
POCKET INHALER

of all chemists

V316

USE VAPEX AND BREATHE FREELY



BY APPOINTMENT SANITARY POLISH MANUFACTURERS
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI.

RONUK

POLISHES

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

UNITED BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANY Ltd.

BYRON HOUSE, 7/9, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1



first

McGINTY COMES IN FIRST, BUT IT'S HIS *TEAM* THAT WINS.

A.E.I. (Associated Electrical Industries) field a team of nine upstanding British companies, with thirty factories in twenty different towns, employing sixty thousand people.

They are separate companies, these nine; but they work together. It is very much to their advantage that they should. And to yours. A.E.I. pool their knowledge and ideas; they achieve, in joint consultation, high standards of design; and they spend more than two million pounds a year on research and development.

A.E.I. have many firsts behind them — and in front of them; firsts in invention, in development, in quality.

Last year the electrical equipment that A.E.I. produced was worth over £70,000,000.

AEI first

*For everything electrical, from a turbine to a torch bulb, think of **AEI** Companies*

Meet the Family of Associated Electrical Industries:

METROPOLITAN-VICKERS ELECTRICAL CO. LTD. • THE BRITISH THOMSON-HOUSTON CO. LTD.

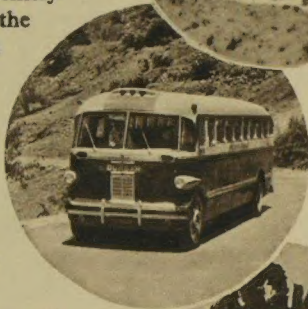
THE EDISON SWAN ELECTRIC CO. LTD. • FERGUSON PAILIN LTD.

THE HOTPOINT ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO. LTD. • INTERNATIONAL REFRIGERATOR CO. LTD.

NEWTON VICTOR LTD. • PREMIER ELECTRIC HEATERS LTD. • SUNVIC CONTROLS LTD.

Plan and book your SOUTH AFRICAN TOUR in advance

South Africa is a land of great distances, but visitors will find travel there extremely simple to arrange by making use of the facilities provided by the South African Railways Tourist Department. Sea and air bookings to the Union can be effected, itineraries for inland tours prepared and tickets issued to cover all transport, hotel and other services in the country. To the holiday-maker this fascinating country offers an infinite variety of new sights and experiences. Scenery that is different, glorious sunshine and lovely beaches, with opportunities for paying visits to gold and diamond mines and game reserves, and seeing many aspects of native life.



Full information
and quotations
gladly given by:

Commercial Representative
South African Railways • South Africa House
Trafalgar Square • London, W.C.2

SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAYS

The Secretary Bird . . .

asks you to make a note that your appointment with sunshine is in South Africa. Not only with sunshine either—your diary will be filled with new experiences, happy encounters and a tremendous amount of good fun in this friendly, lovely land . . .

South Africa



Consult your Travel Agent or write for literature and information.

This office is at your service for free, friendly and non-commercial advice on holidays in South Africa.



SOUTH AFRICAN TOURIST CORPORATION

70, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

TELEPHONE: GROSVENOR 6235

475 Fifth Avenue, New York 17

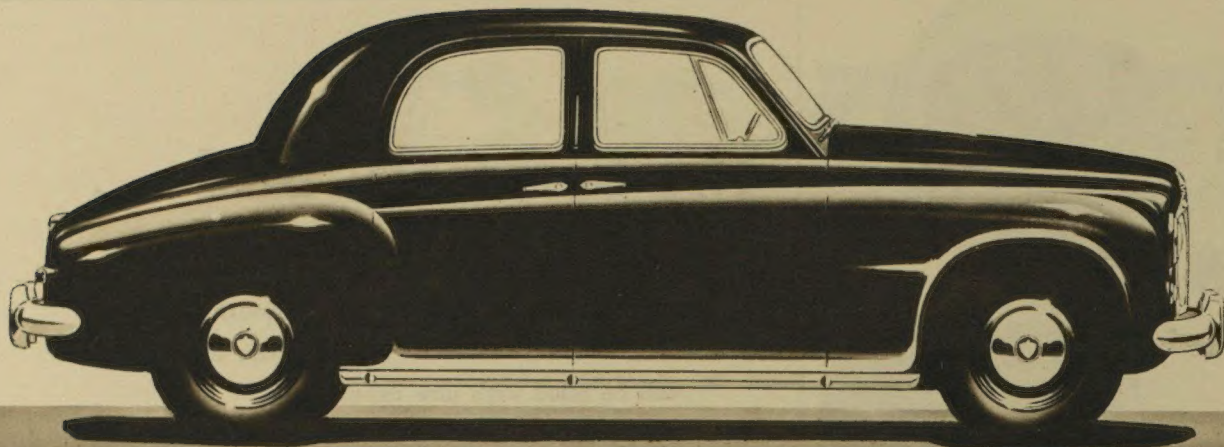
THE ONE AND ONLY Benedictine



The Liqueur to Linger Over!



By Appointment to the late King George VI
Manufacturers of Land-Rovers
The Rover Co. Ltd.



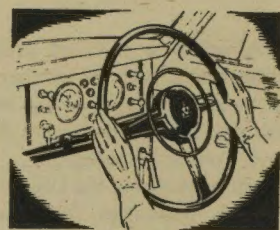
Rover worth goes deep

The owner of a Rover car may well congratulate himself upon the soundness of his judgment; for, as the years and miles mount up, this fine car reveals itself as a model of economy, reliability and good taste in the best tradition of British craftsmanship and engineering. There's always a buyer waiting for a used Rover.



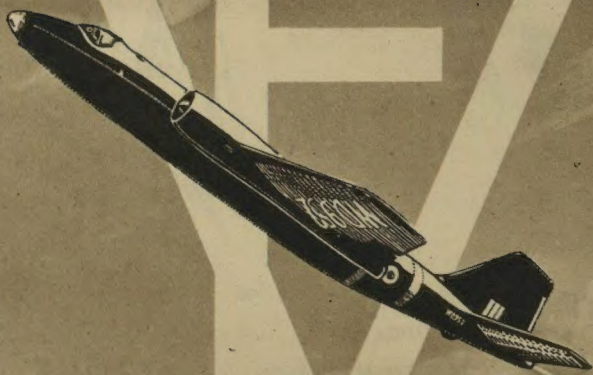
ONE OF BRITAIN'S FINE CARS

THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED · SOLIHULL, BIRMINGHAM also DEVONSHIRE HOUSE · LONDON
CVS-215



No compromise, to keep down cost, has been allowed to influence the steering design. The resulting precision of the layout and steering "geometry" give the driver a feeling of perfect control. Even at speeds of over 150 m.p.h. on the Rover experimental gas-turbine car this steering was proved to be perfectly satisfactory.

12 MILES HIGH



On May 4th, a Canberra fitted with two Olympus Engines incorporating centrispun and centrifugally cast rings and many other fabricated components in Firth-Vickers special Heat & Creep-Resisting Steels, established a new world's height record of 63,668 ft. The continuous technical developments of these special steels achieves the improvements in performance and efficiency in gas turbines on land, sea and in the air.

FIRTH · VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD. SHEFFIELD

Telephone No: Sheffield 42051



TOWN HALL CHELSEA

::

September 23 to October 3, 1953

::

11 a.m. — 7.30 p.m. daily except
Sundays

Admission 2/6 (including tax and
illustrated catalogue)

Both London and Provincial Antique and Fine Art Dealers will be exhibiting for sale a wide variety of goods. Exhibits will be changed frequently, and so far as can be ascertained by expert examination, will have been made prior to 1851.

The Finest Liqueur at any time



COINTREAU

Extra Dry for England

Sole Importers
W. Glendinning & Sons Ltd, Newcastle upon Tyne 6

Follow the sun to



BERMUDA...

winter holiday in the sterling area

Bermuda, sunniest holiday place in the sterling area, affords warmth, health and complete relaxation among enchanting coral islands, all the long winter through.

There are no awkward currency problems to restrict and confuse you. Going there, staying there, coming back—it's *all* superbly comfortable via Cunard.

**DIRECT SAILINGS
TO AND FROM BERMUDA**
from Liverpool

CARONIA DEC. 9

from Southampton

BRITANNIC JAN. 14

from Bermuda

MEDIA MAR. 7 & APR. 4

to Liverpool
or via New York by any Cunard sailing



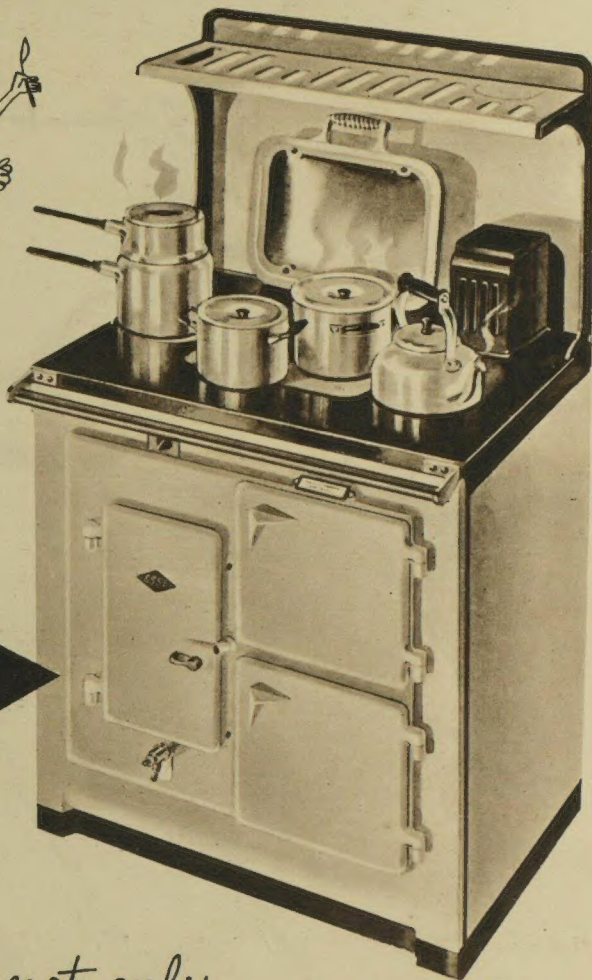
CUNARD

For full information apply: Pier Head, Liverpool 3 (Central 9201) 15 Lower Regent St., London, S.W.1 (Whitehall 7890) 88 Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3 (Avenue 3010) or principal travel agents.



Is it true
that life's easier
with an ESSE?

ESSE



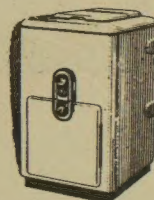
Madam, not only
is life easier, it's a
dashed sight more
economical
if I may say so!



ESSE Heat Storage Cookers give you outstanding fuel economy with coke, anthracite or Phurnacite · constant hot water day and night · continuous 24-hour cooking service · thermostatic control · roomy 'fast' and 'slow' ovens · fast-boiling hot-plate · handy simmering space · no soot or oven flues to clean. The famous 2-oven ESSE Fairy shown, costs £91.4.9 with boiler; £79.2.0 without boiler. Platerack and back panel extra. Write for free coloured catalogue of ESSE domestic models

HIRE PURCHASE TERMS

... and where hot water
is constantly required



THE AUTOMATIC HYDRESSE

serves, economically, the mansion, small hotel, board residence—any place where hot water is constantly on call for every purpose. Thermostat saves fuel and labour. Refuel only twice in 24 hours. Stream-lined porcelain enamel finish & top performance. £60 or on terms out of fuel savings.

SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD Est 1854
Proprietors of the ESSE Cooker Company
Head Office: Bonnybridge Stirlingshire
London: 63 Conduit St. W.1
& at Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow & Dublin



WESTLAND

at FARNBOROUGH 1953

Flying at Farnborough the Westland Wyvern represents the first turbo-prop strike-fighter in squadron service with the Royal Navy. The Westland "Dragonfly" 4-seater and the Westland S.55 10/12-seater helicopters represent Westland as supplying more helicopters to Her Majesty's Forces and to civil operators than any other maker in the Empire.

WESTLAND AIRCRAFT LIMITED

YEOVIL · SOMERSET

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

The World Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Illustrations and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the British Dominions and Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1953.



EPITOMISING BRITAIN'S LEAD IN AIRCRAFT DESIGN AND AMONG THE "STARS" OF THE S.B.A.C. SHOW AT FARNBOROUGH: THE AVRO VULCAN FOUR-JET DELTA-WING BOMBER IN FLIGHT.

The Flying Display and Exhibition of the S.B.A.C. (Society of British Aircraft Constructors), which opened at Farnborough on September 7, is somewhat naturally dominated rather by new models than by production models; and since the British Aircraft industry has in many ways the leading position in the world to-day, the new models at Farnborough may be considered as showing the world's trends in aviation design. The Avro *Vulcan* four-jet delta-wing bomber which we show

above is a case in point. It is described as flying faster, higher and farther than any other bomber in the world and giving the West a long lead in sonic high-altitude bombers. It has been given super-priority for the Royal Air Force; and it is already being used as the basis for a projected civil version to be called the Avro *Atlantic*, in which all fuel and engines would be carried in the wings, thus leaving the entire fuselage free to carry passengers and cargo.



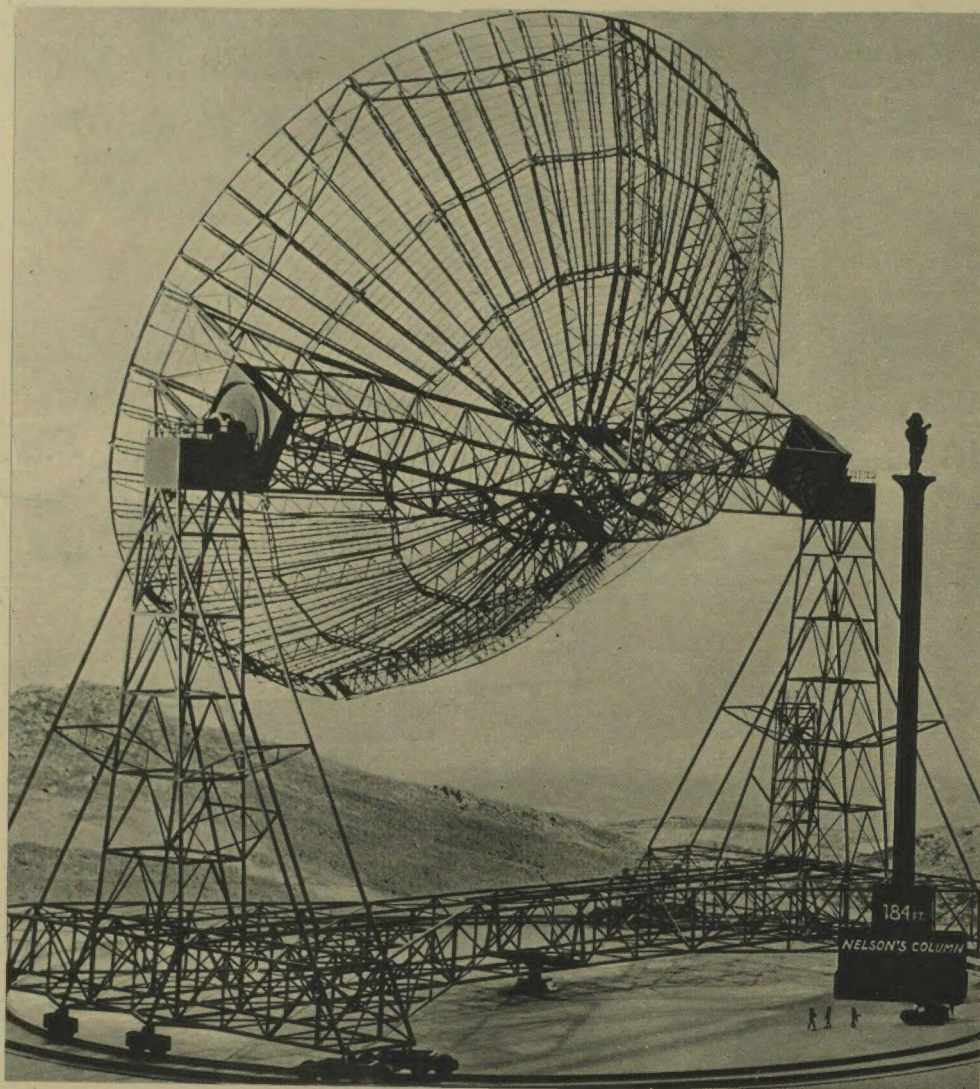
By ARTHUR BRYANT.

COMMON sense is welcome from wherever it comes, and common sense about England's magnificent but imperilled architectural heritage doubly so. When, therefore, I read that the President and General Secretary of the Amalgamated Union of Building Trade Workers has spoken out about the need for State intervention to save Westminster Abbey, I felt as pleased as I did when old Sam Goldwyn spoke out about the new un-American brand of transatlantic Fascism. I know, of course, that there are many sincere Christians and devoted sons of the Church who hold that the maintenance of the Abbey structure is such a sacred obligation that it ought not to be entrusted even in part to the State, and that its cost should be met exclusively by ecclesiastical funds or by money subscribed exclusively to ecclesiastical uses. But I cannot help feeling that this contention is neither very logical nor very practical. It is not logical because the Church of England is already supported by the State, if not directly, at least indirectly. Because, for instance, I happen to be the nominal owner of a small agricultural estate I am compelled by the State to pay a substantial annual sum in the form of tithe and tithe-redemption to help maintain the Church. So far as anyone can be said to be glad to pay a tax, I am glad to pay this one. Yet it is only by chance that I happen to be a member of the Church of England, or even a professing Christian. I should have to pay tithe just the same if I were an atheist, a Roman Catholic, a Dissenter or a Communist. And the tax is imposed by a State whose electors and legislators are far from all being Christians; indeed, it is probably true to say that the majority of them to-day are not professing Christians at all. And, whatever tithe may be, legalistically speaking, in practice it is a tax imposed by the State on owners of land. It is felt by many owners of land for this reason to be an unfair and discriminating tax. For there seems no explanation in logic, whatever there may be in history, why landowners should be made more responsible for the support of the Church than any other species of taxpayer. They are certainly not made so because they are better Anglicans. There seems, therefore, no good reason why the Church, which is already receiving—and, as I think, rightly—one form of State support, should not receive another. The Church of England, a spiritual institution, both enjoys, and is entitled to, the material support of the State and nation for which it does so much. Indeed, I should like to see all the Christian churches in our country receiving such support. For together they made England in the past a Christian land, and England's debt to them for that service is incalculable. Though we have largely forgotten it, almost everything we enjoy of social peace and happiness, of civilisation, and of all that makes life worth living, stems originally from that great fact.

So I cannot see why those responsible for the Church should feel any scruples about taking the State's money, and, least of all, as a contribution towards the cost of maintaining its beautiful and historic buildings. And of these what building is more entitled to the State's support than Westminster Abbey? How many millions of pounds, I wonder, was that wonderful, binding service in the Abbey of last June worth to our national society? Was what we said we felt about it at the time only a form of words? Or was it, as I believe, the expression of a sincere and universal belief that the public dedication of our throne before the altar was a solvent of strains and stresses in the body politic, whose value was incalculable? And why in that event should not the State contribute to the cost of maintaining the noble edifice that afforded the setting of this great service and pay a quit-rent to the continuing Church that hallowed the crowning of England's Queen?

But, whatever may be thought of such an argument for using the financial resources of the State to save the Abbey from decay and destruction, there is another and still stronger one. For better or for worse—and personally I think for worse—the political society in which we live has decided that the purchasing-power or economic liberty of the individual shall be strictly limited, and that all surplus purchasing-power, over and above a modicum for individual physical well-being and self-respect, shall be concentrated in the hands of the State. To expect the individual, as in the past, to bear the cost of maintaining the fabric of Westminster Abbey, and of our great cathedrals and ecclesiastical monuments, is to expect what has, for the time being, become virtually impossible. I know that if every decent working man and woman, who to-day rightly and justly possesses a larger share than in the past of the nation's purchasing-power, was to contribute to the

preservation of the Abbey even a few of the shillings that he or she spends on organised personal amusement, there would be little difficulty in saving the Abbey or any other great English church. But this is assuming the existence in the still only half-educated masses of a degree of cultural and social education that does not at present exist, and is scarcely likely to, judging by the popular Press and cinema—the mirrors of popular taste and standards—for many years to come. And in the meantime the Abbey and the great cathedrals of England will have fallen into a fatal decay, for the former so-called possessing classes no longer possess the means to save them. I can, therefore, see nothing but sense in the plea of the two leaders of the Amalgamated Union of Building Trade Workers for official action by the Government. Of the £1,000,000 appealed for by the Abbey authorities last January, only £330,000 has so far been subscribed; and we are now told by the Archdeacon of Westminster that unless immediate repairs can be carried out, parts of the Abbey will have to be closed to the public and, still worse, that irreparable decay will speedily occur. For the sake of our unborn posterity some saving action should be taken by those who have concentrated all real power in the hands of the State—that is, by the Government. If the Government fails to take such action, it will stand condemned—and justly—as the destroyer of the heritage of a thousand years. When one recalls that this very Government spent earlier this summer nearly a million pounds on preparing the Abbey for the Coronation—work of an entirely ephemeral kind and of no permanent benefit to posterity—it seems only elementary common sense that the State should devote to the preservation of the Abbey's

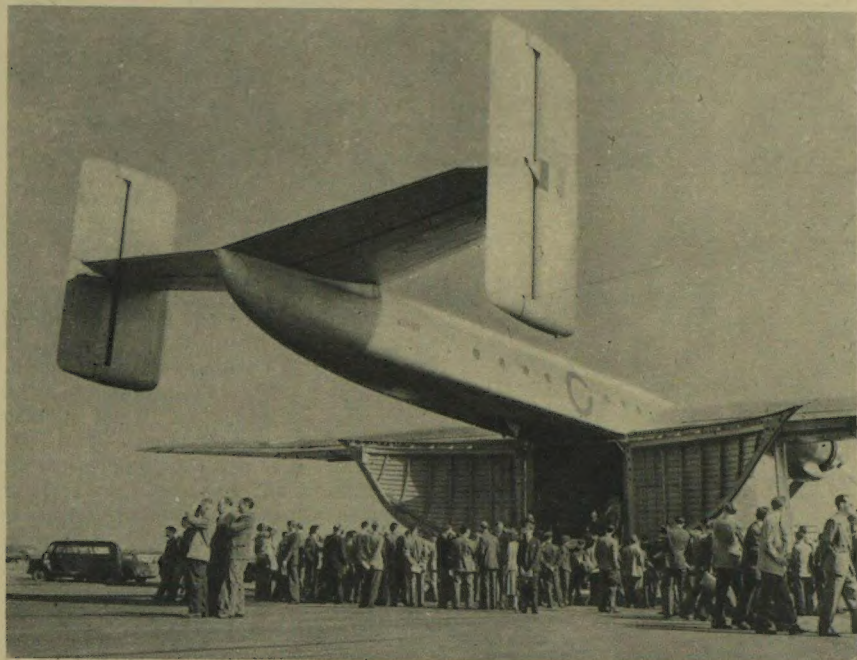


TO BE THE LARGEST RADIO TELESCOPE IN THE WORLD WHEN COMPLETED: THE SCALE MODEL OF THE GIANT TELESCOPE NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER'S JODRELL BANK EXPERIMENTAL STATION IN CHESHIRE, WHICH HAS BEEN ON EXHIBITION AT THE RADIO SHOW, EARLS COURT, WITH HUMAN FIGURES AND NELSON'S COLUMN FOR COMPARISON OF SIZE.

In his presidential address at the 115th annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science which opened in Liverpool on September 2, Sir Edward Appleton, F.R.S., said that much progress in radio astronomy could be expected from the operation of Professor A. C. B. Lovell's large steerable paraboloid of 250-ft. diameter at Jodrell Bank, which would be the largest radio telescope in the world. Our photograph shows a scale model of this giant telescope (303 ft. high and 250 ft. in diameter), which has been on view at the Radio Show at Earls Court, superimposed on the countryside over which it will tower and with Nelson's Column and human figures added for comparison. Some heavenly bodies whose constitution is at present quite unknown, emit radio waves. Some of these can not be seen, but can be detected by the radio telescope. The bowl of this instrument is mounted so that it can be steered to receive radiation from any point in the sky, and so a complete picture of the appearance of the heavens to the radio astronomer can be built up. The foundations are now being built and the concrete ring beam which will carry the railway tracks upon which the supporting towers will run has just been completed, and it is hoped that the erection of the steelwork will be completed by November 1954.

permanent fabric some small part of the vast sum that it withdraws every year from the taxpayer. Those who inherit a great legacy from the past are under a sacred obligation to transmit it unimpaired to their heirs. To add to the absurdity of the present situation, it appears that many of the highly-skilled craftsmen who might be at work restoring the Abbey are at present standing idle and unemployed, and are having to be paid by the State for doing nothing. Why should not the State pay them for preserving, as they alone can do, the nation's most precious possession instead of paying them for remaining in enforced and useless idleness? A financial policy that results in such an absurdity is as fallacious and pettifogging in principle as it is disastrous in practice. What is physically possible and spiritually and morally desirable can always be made financially possible by those who possess sovereign power. When they fail to make it so they betray the trust committed to them and condemn themselves and their generation at the bar of history. With the most enlightened Chancellor of the Exchequer of the century at the Treasury, it seems unthinkable that "the Abbey that makes us we" will not be saved for posterity.

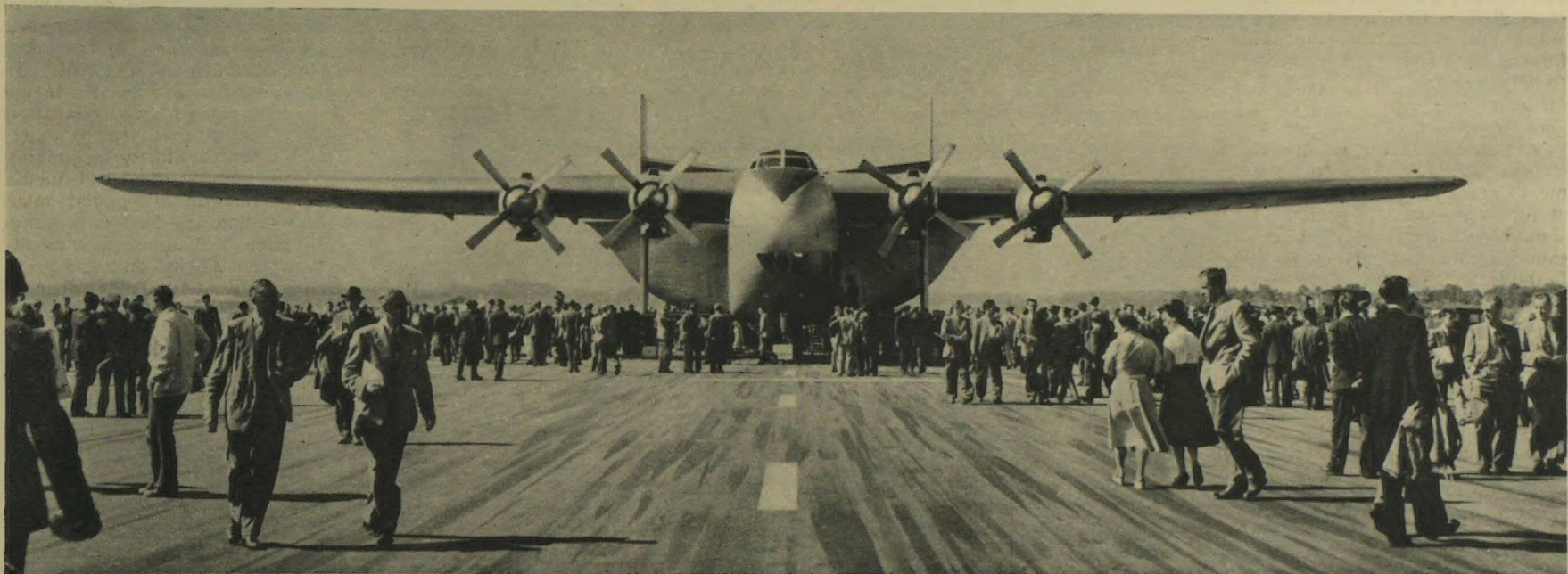
THE FARNBOROUGH AIR SHOW: STRANGE SHAPES OF AIRCRAFT OF TO-DAY.



THE SERVICES VERSION OF THE *UNIVERSAL*: THE BLACKBURN *BEVERLEY*, A HEAVY FREIGHTER POWERED BY FOUR BRISTOL *CENTAURUS* ENGINES.



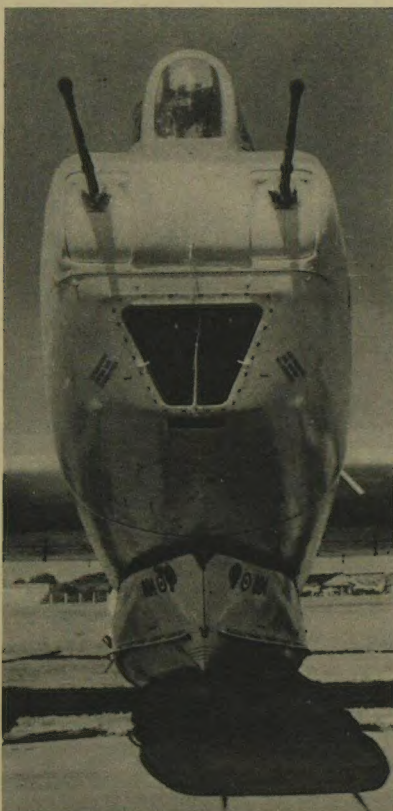
AT FARNBOROUGH DURING THE PRE-VIEW OF THE S.B.A.C. SHOW: A CROWD GATHERED ROUND THE SHORT S.B.5 ADJUSTABLE-WING EXPERIMENTAL AIRCRAFT.



AT THE WORLD'S GREATEST AVIATION SHOW: SOME OF THE CROWDS ON THE PRE-VIEW DAY—SEPTEMBER 7—UNDER THE HUGE WING-SPREAD OF THE BLACKBURN *BEVERLEY*.



LIKE SOME WELLSIAN GIANT INSECT: THE NEW SHORT S.B.5, AN ADJUSTABLE-WING RESEARCH AIRCRAFT, WITH TWO MARKED FRONTAL "ANTENNAE." IT HAS A BRAKING PARACHUTE IN THE TAIL.



THE GROTESQUE PROBOSCIS—OR FRONT OF THE FUSELAGE OF THE AVRO *SHACKLETON*, AN AIR-SEA RESCUE AIRCRAFT.



THE FANTASTIC TAIL OF THE GLOSTER *JAVELIN*. IN THIS FIGHTER, THE TAIL UNIT REPEATS THE DELTA FORMATION OF THE WINGS AT A HIGHER LEVEL.

The shop-window of the world's most advanced aviation designs—the Flying Display and Exhibition of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors—had its pre-view on September 7, and we show here some of the first photographs of a few of the most striking aircraft. Some of the shapes seem so improbable to the lay eye that the visitor seems to have strayed into a Wellsian world where the insects have become giants and the fishes are airborne; but aircraft design has been developing so fast to keep up with the immense increase in power which

jet propulsion in its many forms has given; and the newest types become obsolete so fast that it may well be that among the most fantastic and *outré* forms at Farnborough the commonplace shapes of the air of to-morrow may be found. One of the most striking sights at Farnborough in this connection was the formation flight of the group of tiny Avro 707 delta-wing aircraft with the huge *Vulcan* delta-wing bomber which is their descendant and of which a remarkable picture appears on our frontispiece.

ITEMS ROYAL AND PERSONAL: NEWS OF SOME FAMOUS PEOPLE IN FOUR CONTINENTS.



QUEEN SORAYA (LEFT), THE WIFE OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA, AT ROME AIRPORT BEFORE SHE LEFT BY AIR TO REJOIN HER HUSBAND IN TEHRAN ON SEPTEMBER 7. WITH HER (CENTRE) IS THE SHAH'S BROTHER, AMID REZA PAHLEVI, AND (RIGHT) HER MOTHER. SHE WAS MET AT TEHRAN BY THE SHAH, GENERAL ZAHEDI AND MINISTERS OF THE CABINET AND ARMY CHIEFS.



THE FIRST MEMBER OF THE ROYAL HOUSE TO JOIN THE REGULAR ARMY AS A PRIVATE SOLDIER: THE DUKE OF KENT BEING FITTED WITH AN OVERCOAT ON ARRIVAL AT SANDHURST ON SEPTEMBER 7 FOR HIS FIRST DAY IN THE ARMY. THE DUKE IS TO MAKE THE ARMY HIS CAREER.



MISS FLORENCE CHADWICK, THE CALIFORNIAN WHO SWAM FROM ENGLAND TO FRANCE IN THE RECORD TIME OF 14 HOURS 42 MINS., REACHING FOR A DRINK IN MID-CHANNEL. SHE TURNED AND ATTEMPTED TO SWIM BACK TO ENGLAND, BUT GAVE UP OWING TO THE COLD.



LORD LLEWELLYN, THE FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE FEDERATION OF RHODESIA AND NYASALAND, INSPECTING A GUARD OF RHODESIAN AFRICAN RIFLES ON HIS ARRIVAL AT SALISBURY. LATER THE SAME DAY (SEPTEMBER 4) LORD LLEWELLYN WAS SWORN IN AT DOWNING HOUSE.



THE CONQUEROR OF EVEREST MARRIED: SIR EDMUND HILLARY AND THE FORMER MISS LOUISE ROSE LEAVING THE CHAPEL OF THE DIOCESAN HIGH SCHOOL, AUCKLAND COLLEGE, UNDER AN ARCH OF ICE-AXES, AFTER THE CEREMONY. THE BEST MAN WAS MR. GEORGE LOWE.



THE SEVERN WILDFOWL TRUST'S EXPEDITION TO ICELAND: MR. PETER SCOTT, THE LEADER (ON RIGHT), RINGING GEESE AFTER A SUCCESSFUL ROUND-UP IN WHICH PONIES WERE USED, THE BIRDS BEING FLIGHTLESS OWING TO THEIR MOULT. (SEE ALSO PAGE 405 IN THIS ISSUE.)
Photograph by Dr. W. J. L. Sladen.



THE FAMOUS FRENCH VIOLINIST, M. JACQUES THIBAUD, WHO WAS KILLED ON SEPTEMBER 1 WHEN TRAVELLING IN AN AIR-FRANCE CONSTELLATION AIRLINER, WHICH CRASHED INTO A MOUNTAIN-SIDE NEAR BARCELONNETTE, IN THE FRENCH ALPS, EN ROUTE FOR SAIGON.

AN INSPIRATION TO HIS MEN IN BATTLE AND CAPTIVITY: LIEUT.-COLONEL CARNE'S RETURN.



TALKING TO MAJOR-GENERAL MICHAEL M. A. R. WEST, COMMANDING THE COMMONWEALTH DIVISION, AT FREEDOM VILLAGE AFTER HIS RELEASE: R.S.M. EDWARD-HOBBS, OF THE GLOUCESTERS, WHO WAS CAPTURED WITH COLONEL CARNE AT THE IMJIN RIVER BATTLE IN APRIL 1951.



SMILING AFTER HEARING OF HER HUSBAND'S RELEASE: MRS. CARNE IN THE DOORWAY OF HER HOLIDAY CARAVAN IN CORNWALL.



LIGHTING UP AFTER BEING IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT FOR NINETEEN MONTHS: LIEUT.-COLONEL J. P. CARNE AT BRITANNIA CAMP.



REVISITING THE SCENE OF THE IMJIN RIVER BATTLE: LIEUT.-COLONEL CARNE (LEFT) WITH HIS SECOND IN COMMAND, MAJOR E. HARDING, AFTER THEIR RELEASE.

In batches men of the "Glorious Gloucesters," whose epic stand in the Imjin River Battle in April 1951 added fresh laurels to their regimental history, were returned to freedom at Panmunjom. Among the last to be released were R.S.M. Edward Hobbs, who said that Colonel Carne's courage and example in captivity "helped us to keep in perspective the perpetual nagging Communist indoctrination the Chinese forced on us"; Captain Anthony Farrar-Hockley, the Adjutant; the Chaplain, the Rev. Stanley James Davies; the Second in Command, Major



STEPPING DOWN FROM A LORRY TO FREEDOM AT PANMUNJOM ON SEPT. 1: LIEUT.-COLONEL J. P. CARNE, COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE 1ST BATTALION THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT.



CHAIRIED BY THE MEN WHOM HE SO GALLANTLY LED: LIEUT.-COLONEL CARNE WELCOMED BY FELLOW-PRISONERS OF THE GLOUCESTERS AT KURE, JAPAN.

E. Harding; and, on September 1, Lieut.-Colonel J. P. Carne, who, with the medical officer, stayed with the sick and wounded after the battalion had been ordered to retire. On arrival at Britannia Camp, Colonel Carne said: "I hope I never have to fight a battle again like that one. But if I did I would pick the same men." He had been kept in solitary confinement for nineteen months because of his "incorrect attitude." On arriving at Kure, Japan, by air he was welcomed by men of the Gloucesters released earlier and chaired to the officers' mess.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: SOME PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE RT. HON. FLORENCE HORSBRUGH.
Made a member of the Cabinet on September 4. Miss Horsbrugh, who has been Minister of Education since 1951 and a Privy Councillor since 1945, entered Parliament in 1931 as Conservative Member for Dundee, holding that seat until 1945. In 1950 she was returned as Member for Moss Side (Manchester). She is the first woman Cabinet Minister for six years.



THE RT. HON. GWILYM LLOYD GEORGE.
Made a member of the Cabinet on September 4. Minister of Food since 1951, Major Lloyd George, second son of the 1st Earl Lloyd George of Dwyfor, was Liberal Member for Pembrokeshire 1922-24 and 1929-50, and is now Liberal and Conservative Member for Newcastle-on-Tyne North. He became a Privy Councillor in 1941.



THE RT. HON. SIR T. L. DUGDALE.
Made a member of the Cabinet on September 4. Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries since 1951, Major Sir Thomas Dugdale has been Conservative Member for Richmond (Yorks.) since 1929. He was created a baronet in 1945 and a Privy Councillor in 1951. He was Chairman of the Conservative Party Organisation 1942-44.



AIR MARSHAL SIR R. IVELAW-CHAPMAN.
Appointed Vice-Chief of the Air Staff, as from October, in place of Air Vice-Marshal W. A. D. Brook, who was to have taken up this appointment but was killed in an air accident on August 17. Air Marshal Sir Ronald Ivelaw-Chapman has been Deputy Chief of the Air Staff since November 1952. He was educated at Cheltenham College and commissioned in the R.F.C. in 1917.



LEAVING KUALA LUMPUR BY HELICOPTER TO SEE OPERATIONS IN THE MALAYAN JUNGLE:
MR. DUNCAN SANDYS, MINISTER OF SUPPLY.
En route for his visit to Australia, Mr. Duncan Sandys, Minister of Supply, spent three days at the end of August in visiting Army and Air Force units engaged in operations in Malaya. In Australia he visited the Woomera Rocket Range, a uranium mine in South Australia and had discussions with Mr. Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister, on joint defence problems and the sharing of the cost of the atomic and rocket experiments in Australia.



SQUADRON LEADER NEVILLE DUKE IN THE COCKPIT OF THE HAWKER HUNTER, IN WHICH HE FLEW AT AVERAGE SPEEDS OF 722 M.P.H. AND 727.6 M.P.H.
On August 31 Squadron Leader Neville Duke flew a Hawker Hunter in four runs of 741 m.p.h., 704 m.p.h., 741 m.p.h. and 703 m.p.h. with an average of 722 m.p.h. This, if confirmed, is 6 m.p.h. faster than the latest American world record claim of 715.697 m.p.h. After these runs he made a landing on one wheel without injury. On September 7 he made another attempt, in which the runs were stated to average 727.6 m.p.h.—a provisional world record.



PROFESSOR O. G. SUTTON.
Appointed to succeed Sir Nelson K. Johnson as Director of the Meteorological Office. Professor Sutton has been Dean of the Military College of Science, Shrivenham, since 1952 and Bashforth Professor of Mathematical Physics since 1947. Born 1903 he was educated at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, and Jesus College, Oxford.



SIR EDWARD APPLETON.
Delivered the Presidential Address at the 115th annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Liverpool on Sept. 2. He is especially associated with the development of radar and radio, and is Principal and Vice-Chancellor of Edinburgh University. Born in 1892, he was educated at Hanson School, Bradford, and St. John's College, Cambridge.



DR. E. D. ADRIAN.
Elected President of the British Association for 1954 in succession to Sir Edward Appleton. Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, since 1951, Dr. Adrian was born in 1889 and educated at Westminster, Trinity College, Cambridge, and St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He was Professor of Physiology at Cambridge from 1937 to 1951. and is an authority on the nervous system.



GENERAL JONATHAN WAINWRIGHT.
General Wainwright, the hero of Corregidor, died on September 2 in the Brooke Army Hospital, San Antonio, Texas, at the age of seventy. He was born in 1883 and educated at West Point. He saw service in France in the 1914-18 war, and was a lieutenant-general in command in the Philippines in 1942 at the time of the heroic last stands at Bataan and Corregidor.



AFTER SETTING UP A PROVISIONAL WORLD'S AIR SPEED RECORD OF 727.6 M.P.H.: SQUADRON LEADER NEVILLE DUKE
CLIMBING OUT OF HIS HAWKER HUNTER.

On August 31 Squadron Leader Neville Duke, the chief test pilot of Hawker Aircraft, in four runs over the official three-kilometre course near Littlehampton, averaged a speed of 722 m.p.h. This was submitted to the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale as a world speed record, but a previous speed of 715.7 m.p.h., submitted by Colonel Barns, of the United States, if confirmed, would stand as the record, since a new record must show an improvement of

1 per cent., and this Squadron Leader Duke's August 31 figures failed to do by rather less than a mile an hour. However, on September 7, he made two further attempts over the same course in a Hawker Hunter, and the same evening the Royal Aero Club announced that in four runs of 716.7 m.p.h., 738.8 m.p.h., 716.5 m.p.h. and 738.6 m.p.h., he had averaged 727.6 m.p.h. which, subject to confirmation, was clearly the new world's air speed record.

THE LOVES OF THE ANIMALS

"ANIMAL COURTSHIP"; By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE title of this book suggests one of those limited descriptions such as one is accustomed to in books about birds displaying their tails to each other. But the author's range is wide. He does describe the courting ceremonials of lapwings and robins, yellow wagtails and rooks, birds of paradise and frigate birds. But he begins to study "the reproductive drive" in the lowest of all forms of animal, the amoeba, and if he doesn't attempt to vie with Stendhal's "De l'Amour" in an inquiry into the mating habits of the human race, he is frequently reminded of them when considering those even of insects.

Reading his book one frequently feels the touch of Nature which makes the whole world kin—though I confess that I can not feel wholly Franciscan about my Little Sister the Praying Mantis, who devours her spouse after mating (a habit commonly ascribed also to female spiders, but of which Dr. Burton now, happily, clears them), I have warmed towards all sorts of odd creatures on being assured that they have a strong sense of property (even fish defend their territories), and that many of them choose their mates, not haphazardly and not even because Darwin believed they must choose the finest specimens, but simply because they like them. "I can't see why on earth she married him" (or vice versa) is a common expression on human lips. The disappointed Darwin might well have said this about all sorts of creatures had he read Dr. Burton's book. They choose, and for their own reasons. And many of them have a notion of matrimony. There are birds and mammals which mate for life. "For the first signs of emotional behaviour we must go back to fishes. The main function of courtship is to bring the two into the mood for mating at the same time, or there may be fighting, sometimes ending in the death of one of them. If, however, a pair have previously mated, even though they are now out of phase with each other, the fighting is less intense, amounting to no more than bickering. A bond has been formed which is not readily broken. Again, a female fish that has spawned once will more readily accept her previous mate than a total stranger. One female, kept in a tank surrounded by several other tanks, each containing a male, spawned opposite one of the males. When all the fishes were placed in one tank, she would accept only this one male for mating."

Courtships are often elaborate: witness the albatrosses. Presents are often given. The male empid-fly gives his chosen female a stick, a petal, or a dead fly. A spider may (chocolates not being available) present his betrothed with "an insect wrapped in silk, but it may be a wrapping of silk with nothing in it." Male penguins come to their ladies with tributes of pebbles: one might have thought that fish would have been more welcome; but, after all, even amongst human beings stones are gratefully received, providing they are the right sort of stones. Dr. Burton rounds his book off with stories of strange affections between different species; though he doesn't mention

W. H. Hudson's story of the swan who was in love with a trout. His pages are charmingly illustrated. A drawing which especially attracts me is one of "male cuttlefish in courting-dress." The creature only wants a gardenia to make him look the perfect suitor.

Dr. Burton's book is greatly superior to the merely cataloguing kind of books which, although useful for reference, sometimes give one the feeling that one is reading: "Earthworms, by One of Them." I think (I can't remember the reference) that it was Aristotle (who certainly investigated as many sorts of things, from fetuses to the fine arts, as any man on record) who said that all science sprang from wonder: Sir Isaac Newton (another "master of those who know") would have agreed with him—Newton, who, described by a later man as "voyaging through strange seas of thought alone," described himself as a child picking up pebbles on the shores of those seas, and, when confronted with the possibility of

something destroying his system, open-mindedly remarked: "It may be so; there is no arguing against facts and experiments." The nineteenth century produced a certain race of thinkers and scientists of a different temper. They shared

be regarded as a bourgeois vice, and an ingredient of "the opium of the people": tram-rails are laid down, along which thought must run, not as true thought, but as predetermined notions. That is certainly no way in which to enlarge the frontiers of our always provisional knowledge, and certainly no way in which to get enjoyment out of life. Only the humble

and awestruck scientist can get that, and only he, when his "views" have been superseded, remains readable: Haeckel is now deadly dull, but Frank Buckland, most agreeable of naturalists, is as lively as ever he was.

"I feel convinced," wrote Frank Buckland in his racy and instructive work on British Fishes (which deserves reprinting with supplementary notes) "that fish have an intelligence for which we never give them credit. A cod's head and shoulders, boiled and put on the table, with its forlorn and woebegone features, is a very different thing from the head of a hungry cod in perfect health looking for his dinner"—and he enlarged on the theme, though regretting that "selfishness prevails among cod-fish as among men." Dr. Burton suspects something more than mere automatism in animals deemed even lower than the cod. Let us, for the moment, ignore the loves of the delicate

gazelle and the family affections of the soft and dainty partridge, and come to something apparently utterly remote from us, like the squid. "In the squid, *Loligo pealii*," says Dr. Burton, "the male is more aggressive than the female, who may either try to escape or be quite passive when he approaches. Before mating both sexes show marked signs of excitement and use peculiar swimming movements. The female throws out short but rapid puffs of

water from her funnel, moves her tail fin very rapidly and spreads her arms frequently, throwing them to one side in a trembling movement. Incidentally, it is interesting to see how repeatedly shimmering by the female occurs in the courtship of the higher animals. The male swims close by her side, moving his arms and frequently changing colour especially when there is an increase in activity by his mate, or even by himself.

"It is significant that the male squid do not all respond equally to the presence of sexually active females. Often one male will follow the females by the hour, while other males in the vicinity pay no attention to them. Usually he will follow one particular female, although others equally ready for pairing are present. And even if he should transfer his attention to one of these, as likely as not he will return ultimately to his first choice. Clearly something more than mere chemical or physical forces are at work, and in view of the higher organisation of the squid's brain, we may suspect emotional factors, admittedly of a simple order."

Darwin's grandfather wrote a poem called "The Loves of the Plants": we may yet hope to see his grandson, without ridicule, celebrating the Loves of the Squids. This is consoling to me, who am frequently told that my dog is a mere automaton—confound his sharp, calculating eyes!

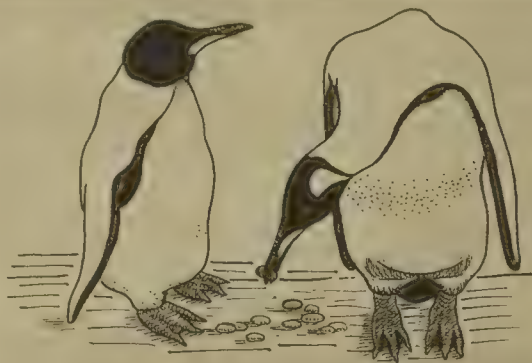
Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 412 of this issue.



"TWO HOVER-FLIES BUTTING HEADS IN COURTSHIP."



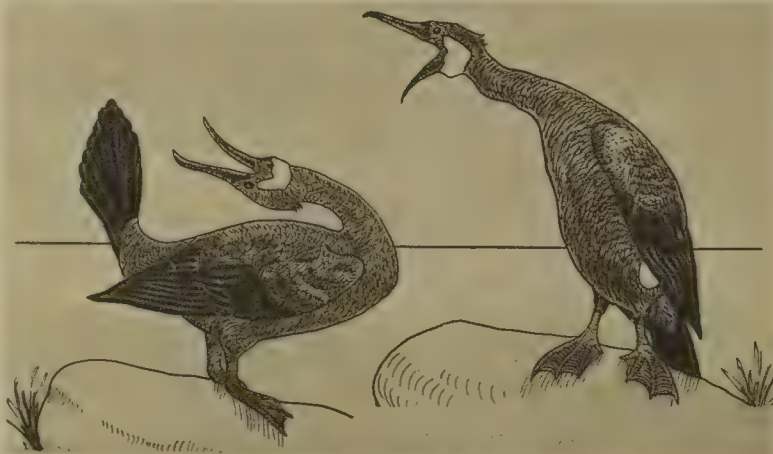
"MALE CUTTLEFISH IN COURTING-DRESS"—ONLY WANTING A GARDENIA TO MAKE HIM LOOK THE PERFECT SUITOR.



"A PENGUIN PRESENTS PEBBLES TO THE HEN."



"COCK YELLOW WAGTAILS DISPLAY THEIR YELLOW BREASTS IN RIVALRY."



"CORMORANTS IN COURTSHIP DISPLAY."

The drawings by Jane Burton are reproduced from the book, by courtesy of the publishers, Hutchinson and Company.

Lucretius's opinion (controverted by his own majestic imagination and phrase) that the universe was formed by "a fortuitous concourse of atoms," that matter was all (though it could never be defined), and were scornfully proud in the conviction that their minds were completely open except to alleged facts and wanton conjectures which did not square with their tidy and blinkered hypotheses.

Soviet Russia seems to be going through that phase now. Geneticists are forbidden to allow influence to heredity (though, oddly, cereals are bred on extremely selective lines), and wonder must certainly

* "Animal Courtship." By Maurice Burton, D.Sc. Drawings by Jane Burton, and Photographs. (Hutchinson; 16s.)



DR. MAURICE BURTON, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK "ANIMAL COURTSHIP," REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Dr. Maurice Burton, who is the Deputy Keeper of Zoology at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, is well known to our readers for his contributions, since the war, to our "World of Science" page, to which he has brought his own particular combination of scientific accuracy and open-minded enthusiasm. He has published many works on zoological subjects, and among his books may be mentioned "The Story of Animal Life," "Animals and Their Behaviour" and "Curiosities of Animal Life." The drawings illustrating "Animal Courtship" are by his daughter, Miss Jane Burton.

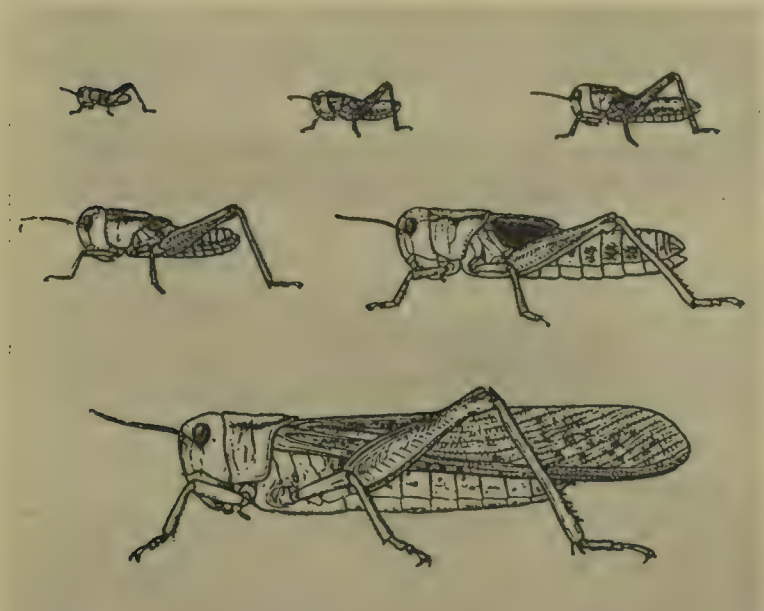
WARFARE WHICH SHOULD BE INTERNATIONAL: THE ANTI-LOCUST CAMPAIGN.



LOCUST RESEARCH IN AN I.C.I. LABORATORY: PUTTING AN ADULT LOCUST IN A CAGE WITH A POISONED BAIT IN ORDER TO TEST ITS EFFECTIVENESS.



THE LOCUST LAYS ITS EGGS IN A BURROW IN THE SAND; AND THE BATCH OF 40-100 FORMS, WITH SAND-GRAINS AND A GLUE-LIKE SUBSTANCE, A PENCIL-LIKE FORMATION—SHOWN HERE.



THE LOCUST PASSES THROUGH FIVE STAGES OF DEVELOPMENT BEFORE REACHING THE ADULT WINGED FORM. [Diagram, natural size, by courtesy of Dr. B. P. Uvarov.]



ADULT LOCUSTS IN THEIR MOST DANGEROUS AND DESTRUCTIVE FORM. EACH WEIGHS ABOUT ONE-TENTH OF AN OUNCE AND HAS A 5-IN. WING-SPAN. A SINGLE SWARM MAY WEIGH 20,000 TONS.



LOCUSTS ARE THE SUBJECT OF INTENSIVE RESEARCH, PARTICULARLY AT THE ANTI-LOCUST RESEARCH CENTRE. THIS ADULT CARRIES AN IDENTIFICATION NUMBER ON ITS WING.



PLOTTING INFORMATION ON THE MOVEMENTS OF DESERT LOCUST SWARMS AT THE ANTI-LOCUST RESEARCH CENTRE IN SOUTH KENSINGTON—THE INTERNATIONAL H.Q.

An urgent warning has been recently given by the Anti-Locust Research Centre, South Kensington, that the desert locust plague has now reached "alarming proportions," and furthermore that the attack and control of this costly and destructive pest may soon be interrupted for want of capital. The Director of the centre, Dr. B. P. Uvarov, has expressed the hope that by means of United Nations action the control of the desert locust may be made an international responsibility. The locust itself knows no boundaries, and the battle against

it should likewise be unhindered by national and territorial considerations. To illustrate the speed and extent of this plague the example of 1951-52 may be given. During December 1951 swarms occupied a relatively compact area in Somalia, British Somaliland, Kenya and Ethiopia. By May 1952 this area had spread north, east and west to include all Eritrea, most of Ethiopia, a large area of Sudan, a Red Sea coastal strip of Egypt, the Sinai Peninsula, all Yemen, nearly all Saudi Arabia, Oman and the Trucial States, part of Israel, all Jordan, about half Syria, [Continued overleaf.]

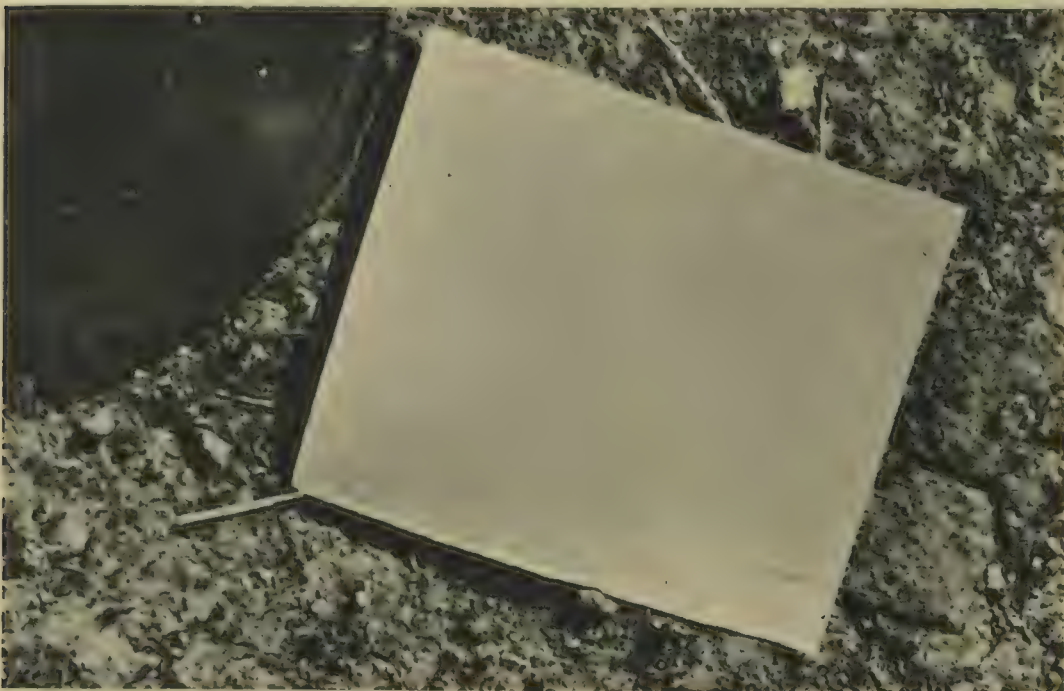
THE WAR AGAINST THE RED AND DESERT LOCUSTS: OPERATIONS IN THE FIELD.



A LOCUST CONTROL BASE CAMP—AT HARGEISA, IN BRITISH SOMALILAND. EXTENSIVE BREEDING-GROUNDS OF THE DESERT LOCUST LIE IN THE SOMALI PENINSULA, ERITREA AND ETHIOPIA.



A SENIOR LOCUST OFFICER IN SAUDI ARABIA RECEIVING LOCUST REPORTS BY RADIO FROM TECHNICAL OFFICERS HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY IN THE DESERT. THERE ARE SIX TECHNICAL OFFICERS IN SAUDI ARABIA.



POISON SPRAYING OF SWARMS FROM THE AIR HAS PROVED VERY EFFECTIVE AGAINST THE RED LOCUST IN TANGANYIKA AND NORTHERN RHODESIA. THIS ABSORBENT PAPER WAS LAID DOWN ON THE GROUND TO ESTABLISH THE SIZE AND FREQUENCY OF THE POISON DROPLETS.



AN ANSON SPRAYING RED LOCUST SWARMS. THIS SPECIES, THOUGH VERY DESTRUCTIVE, HAS RESTRICTED BREEDING-GROUNDS AND IS EASIER TO CONTROL THAN THE DESERT LOCUST.



LOCUST HOPPERS CEASE THEIR MARCH DURING THE COLD DESERT NIGHTS; AND ARE HERE SEEN CLIMBING AN ACACIA SHRUB TO ROOST FOR THE NIGHT.

Continued.

nearly all of Iraq, about two-thirds of Iran and about a quarter each of Afghanistan and West Pakistan. And this vast and difficult-to-control area does not comprise the whole of the regions threatened by the desert locust, and within it fresh swarming-grounds may develop with other migratory flows. Many of these attacks are, of course, met, and it is the proud boast of the Anti-Locust Centre in South Kensington that no country has been invaded without warning during the past fifteen years. At this centre, under its Director, Dr. B. P. Uvarov, all locust



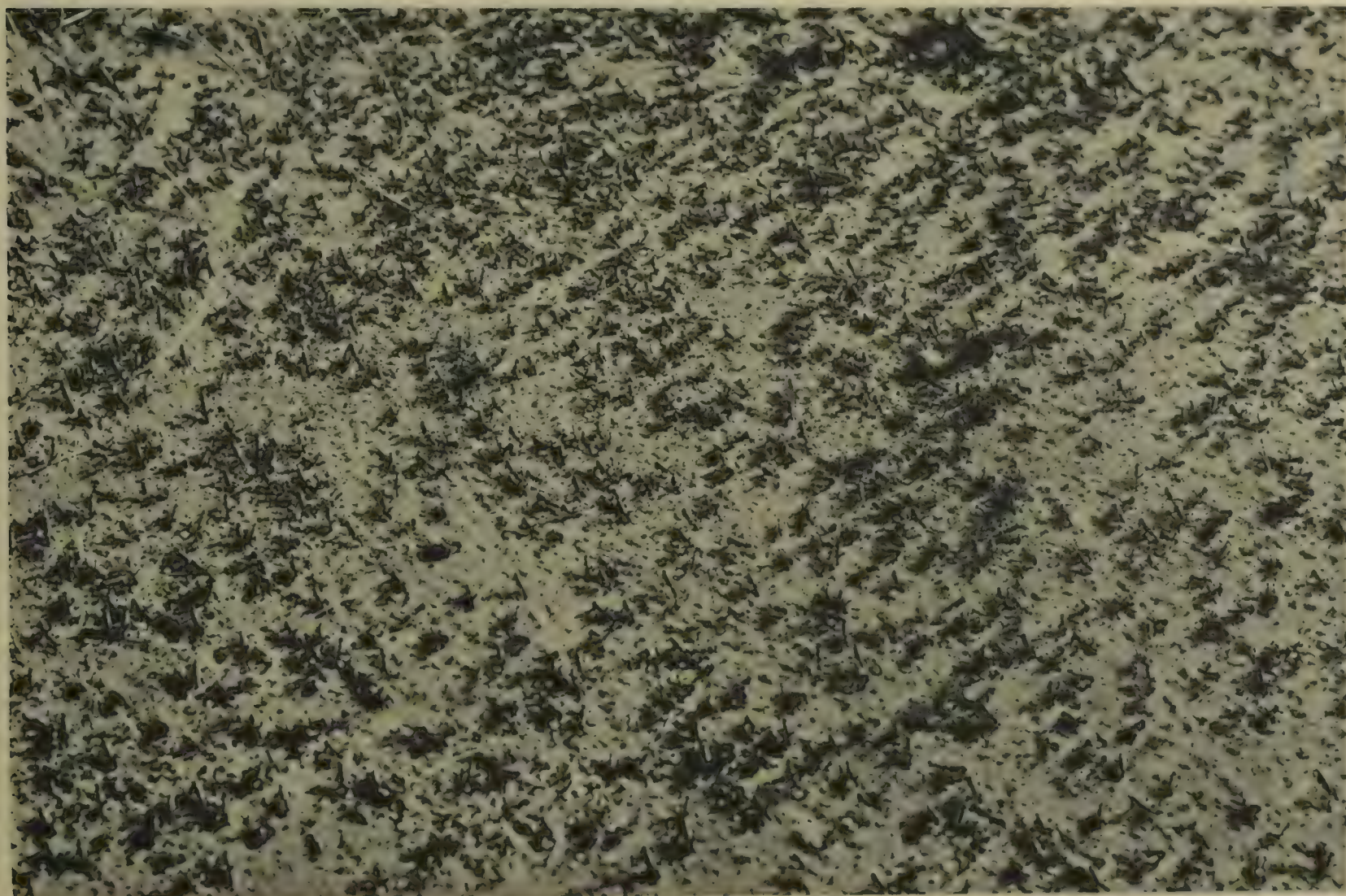
IN SOME DISTRICTS NATIVES OPPOSE THE ANTI-LOCUST CAMPAIGN, BECAUSE THEY ARE USED AS FOOD; AND THIS CENTRAL ARABIAN BEDOUIN IS ENJOYING A DISH OF ROASTED LOCUSTS.

information is collected and all locust movements plotted. Locusts are bred in large quantities in laboratory conditions, and their life cycles and habits studied, in order that this plague may be more effectually combated. In Ethiopia there are now 20 technical officers (half of them trained Ethiopians), in Eritrea 10, British Somaliland 12, Aden Protectorate 7, Saudi Arabia 6, and for the first time two British officers have been allowed to penetrate into the interior of Yemen. The funds for this campaign are largely British and some help has been received

(Continued opposite.)



ADULT DESERT LOCUSTS IN FLIGHT IN KENYA. SUCH A SWARM MAY WEIGH 20,000 TONS AND EAT ITS OWN WEIGHT EACH DAY. [Photograph by Anti-Locust Research Centre, London.]



DESERT LOCUSTS MIGRATE BOTH ON FOOT AND ON WING ; AND THIS IS DESCRIBED AS A SMALL SECTION OF A FAIRLY DENSE GROUP OF LOCUSTS AT THE IMMATURE, HOPPER, STAGE. LOCUSTS ON THE MOVE : INVADING ARMIES OF COUNTLESS MILLIONS WHICH DAILY EAT THEIR OWN WEIGHT IN GREEN FOOD.

Continued. from the U.S. and the Food and Agriculture Organisation (F.A.O.) of the United Nations. To quote Dr. Uvarov: "Unless a really concerted, worth-while international effort is made in the next year or two the consequences may be very serious, for the plague will get out of hand. No single country can make that

effort." There are as well two other notably dangerous migratory locusts: the Migratory Locust proper, in French West Africa; and the Red Locust in Tanganyika and Northern Rhodesia. In both these cases, however, the outbreak areas are localised and the control is consequently more straightforward.



WHERE THE PUBLIC HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SEE A FULL-SIZE TELEVISION STUDIO IN OPERATION: THE AUDIENCE WATCHING THE PRODUCTION IN THE STUDIO (BACKGROUND) ALSO SEE THE TRANSMISSION ON THE BIG SCREEN ABOVE.



AN EXHIBIT IN THE "BAIRD MUSEUM"—A FEATURE OF THE BAIRD STAND AT THE RADIO SHOW: ONE OF THE OLDEST TELEVISION SETS EXISTING AND BOUGHT FROM A RAG-AND-BONE MAN FOR 50S.



A SCALE MODEL RADIO-CONTROLLED Churchill BRIDGE-LAYING TANK, WITH ITS OWNER, MR. ALAN TAMPLIN (LEFT).



USED FOR TRACING UNLICENSED TELEVISION SETS: A SMALL PORTABLE LOCATOR IS TESTED BY A VISITOR TO THE SHOW.

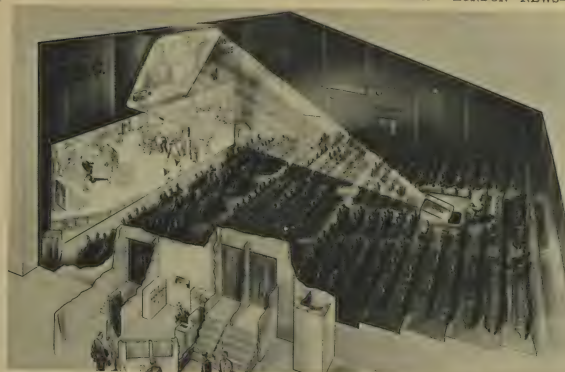


HOW RADIOACTIVE TRACERS CAN BE USED TO FOLLOW THE MOVEMENTS OF ANYTHING, FROM ATOMS TO ANIMALS: GOLDFISH TREATED WITH A MINUTE AMOUNT OF RADIOACTIVE COBALT 60 OPERATING GEIGER MULLER COUNTERS.

THE NATIONAL RADIO AND TELEVISION EXHIBITION AT EARLS COURT: SOME OF THE INTERESTING

On these pages we illustrate some of the interesting exhibits which have been on view at the twentieth Radio and Television Exhibition, "The Radio Show," at Earls Court (September 2-12). The exhibit staged by Baird Television included all the latest Baird television and radio receivers, and also featured a "Baird Museum" of actual early television receivers, photographs of John Logie Baird—the inventor of television—at work in his laboratory, as well as photographs and

other documents relating to the early days of television. An innovation at this year's Show was a full-size television studio, where an audience of 600 people could watch an actual transmission in progress and at the same time see the scene as it appeared on the television screen projected on to a big screen above the acting area by means of a specially installed "Big Screen" projection unit. A scale model radio-controlled Churchill bridge-laying tank, weighing 2½ cwt., which took



AN INNOVATION AT THE RADIO SHOW: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE B.B.C. TELEVISION STUDIO, WHERE THE AUDIENCE COULD WATCH AN ACTUAL BROADCAST AND ALSO SEE THE TELEVIEWED PICTURE PROJECTED ON TO A BIG SCREEN.



FOR USE IN SCHOOLS, HOSPITALS AND HOTELS: A TELE-PROJECTOR WITH A 3 FT. BY 4 FT. SCREEN WHICH CAN BE WATCHED IN COMFORT BY 350 PEOPLE.



A FEATURE OF THE EXHIBIT STAGED BY THE ROYAL CORPS OF SIGNALS: "MR. MACNETRON," AN UP-TO-DATE ROBOT WHICH WILL ANSWER ANY QUESTION PUT TO HIM.



EXHIBITED BY FVE LTD.: THE LARGEST TELEVISION SET EVER SHOWN TO THE PUBLIC, MEASURING 27 FT. 6 IN. BY 37 FT. 6 IN.



Primarily designed as an aid to the location of survivors of an aircraft crash: "Sarah" (Search and Rescue and Homing) equipment which enables the rescue aircraft or launch to pin-point the position. It has three speeds, forward or reverse, and will turn left or right, start, stop, rotate its turret, fire its gun, sound a Klaxon horn, remove land-mines and deposit them in a pond, using the rear derrick, lay a smoke-screen and operate a flame-thrower on receiving orders by radio. Ultra Electric Ltd. exhibited the new Search and Rescue and Homing ("Sarah") equipment designed and produced



HOUSED IN A TRANSPARENT WATERPROOF PLASTIC CASE: A PORTABLE WIRELESS-SET SUITABLE FOR PICNIC PARTIES.

EXHIBITS, AND A DRAWING SHOWING THE TELEVISION STUDIO "BIG SCREEN" PROJECTION UNIT.

as standard equipment for the Royal Air Force. It is a most notable contribution to solving the problem of locating and rescuing distressed airmen who have either fallen into the sea or in inaccessible terrain. The equipment consists of a small beacon transmitter, weighing only 6 ozs., which is carried in an airman's "Mae West," together with a radio transmitter-receiver and battery. The battery has a life of twenty hours.

GENERAL THOMAS (STONEWALL) JACKSON, a master of ruse and stratagem, urged commanders in war to mystify and mislead the enemy. The late Field Marshal Lord Wavell, who was a good hand at the game himself, thought that British soldiers were generally weak in this respect. "Possibly because the British character is normally simple and straightforward," he wrote, "more probably because our military training is stereotyped and unimaginative, deception of the enemy does not seem to come naturally to us. Hence we are apt to suffer in the field through lack of guile and to fall too easily into the enemy's traps and to miss opportunities of setting traps of our own." In the last war the British proved themselves more adept than usual in ruses and stratagems, and most of all in what I consider to be the most important and effective sort, that of providing the enemy with false information. Such ruses can be profitable in adversity, but naturally they are most likely to produce positive gains when there is most chance of exploiting them—that is, when the plotter holds the initiative.

Many people will recall a remarkable novel by Lord Norwich, then Sir Duff Cooper, published in 1950 and entitled "Operation Heartbreak." There was then no secret that it was founded on fact. Its main theme was the conveyance of the body of an officer to the Spanish coast, apparently drowned at sea but actually dead before being taken aboard a submarine. On the body were a number of documents designed to deceive the enemy as to the place at which a great offensive was to be launched. Lord Norwich wrapped the incident in a thin veil of mystery. He did not speak of Spain, but of "a neutral country." He did not mention Sicily. At the same time, he did not try to disguise the origin of the story. To me it recalled a wartime visit to the Mediterranean, some months after the capture of Sicily, during which I heard about the incident. I was not told that it had been a ruse—a fact which my informant probably did not know—and was left to suppose that the letters on the body actually pointed to the invasion of Sicily and that it remained uncertain whether or not they had been opened. Otherwise, Lord Norwich kept very close to the truth, apart from providing a fictional hero and relating the whole story of his life, which he did with great skill.

Now the episode is described as it actually occurred by the man mainly responsible for carrying it out.* The author informs us that it would not have been written but for the publication of the novel and references in German memoirs to the receipt of the documents, which made it impossible to maintain secrecy about the deception. This fact was recognised by the authorities and led them to give official permission for the full story to be published. Apart from the identity of the body and a few details which it was undesirable to disclose, that story is given as a whole. It is exciting and interesting. To my mind, however, if truth is not stranger than fiction in this case—for they amount virtually to the same thing—it is less enthralling and more unpleasant. Apart from the fact that the author, though a lively writer, does not possess the pen of Lord Norwich, the atmosphere of

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. MYSTIFY AND MISLEAD THE ENEMY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

enemy false information in such a form as to take him in.

So the plan was devised and built up bit by bit. The body of a supposed courier was to be floated ashore by means of a life-saving jacket as near as possible to Huelva, on the Gulf of Cadiz. He was to be the bearer of letters containing "indiscretions" to further the object in view. These letters were typed on the notepaper in use in the offices from which



"THE SUBJECT OF THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS WORKING IN THE WAR OFFICE AND, AS SHE HAD ACCESS TO 'TOP SECRET' PAPERS, WE WERE ABLE TO TELL HER THAT WE WANTED TO USE THE PHOTOGRAPH AS THAT OF SOMEONE'S FICTITIOUS FIANCEE IN A DECEPTION, AND SHE GAVE HER PERMISSION": PAM—THE SNAPSHOT WHICH WAS PLACED IN "MAJOR MARTIN'S" POCKET PURPORTING TO BE OF HIS FIANCEE. "We therefore decided that 'a marriage should be arranged' between Bill Martin and some girl before he was sent abroad. So Major Martin 'met' a charming girl called Pam early in April, became engaged to her almost at once (those wartime courtships!), she gave him a snap of herself and he gave her an engagement ring; he had a couple of ecstatic letters from her..."

they emanated, and signed by the senior officers from whom they were supposed to come. One was addressed—I use the titles of the time—by Lieut.-General Sir Archibald Nye, Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff, to General Sir Harold Alexander, commanding the 18th Army Group; others by Lord Louis Mountbatten to Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham and General Eisenhower. These semi-official letters were written with great subtlety. That to General Eisenhower simply asked for a message in support of a pamphlet on the Commandos by Hilary St. George Saunders, which was about to be published. It contained no "indiscretions," but helped to establish the identity of the bearer of the proofs, "my Staff Officer, Major W. Martin of the Royal Marines."

The author of the book under review was then serving in the Admiralty. He made the messenger a Marine partly because an officer of the corps might be clad in ready-made battledress, whereas a naval officer would have had to be provided with a uniform made to fit by a naval tailor. Huelva was chosen because an active German agent was known to be stationed there, and because it was suitable from the point of view of weather. The planners were fortunate in that the submarine *Seraph* was available, because her commander, Lieutenant Jewell, and his

ship's company were experienced in special Mediterranean missions; they had picked up General Giraud on his escape from captivity and put General Mark Clark ashore on the North African coast to get into touch with French officers. The body was carried in a container made for the purpose, and until the moment came only the commander of the submarine knew that the contents of this case did not consist of an invention in the form of a weather-recording buoy. Even then, no ratings learnt any more. They were all below when the body was placed in the water by the officers.

I have said that the vital letters were subtle and that it was no easy matter to make the plans which they were intended to convey plausible. It was difficult also to create a personality. This was done with great skill; in fact, the subtlety was excessive, some social detail being so minute that it could not have been comprehended by a German intelligence officer. There can be no objection, however, to taking extra precautions, and here the material might conceivably have reached the hands of a German who had

lived in Albany, been a member of a London club, and done his personal shopping in Bond Street. Major Martin was given a fiancée, her letters and photograph, a bill for his engagement ring, a letter from a bank calling attention to his overdraft, stubs of two theatre tickets, and various other convincing items. One curious accident which it would take too long to describe might have aroused some suspicion, but it passed unnoticed.

It soon became known to the planners that their apparatus had reached its destination and as good as certain that it had reached German hands. Enough information was received during the conquest of Sicily for it to be concluded that the deception had been successful. Full confirmation did not come until months after the end of hostilities with Germany. Then a sheaf of documents, translations of the letters involved, reports and staff appreciations, was found in the German naval archives. In an appreciation marked as read by Doenitz, it was stated that "the genuineness of the captured documents is above suspicion." They might have been intended to reach German hands, but this possibility was considered to be slight. With this evidence could be linked information about action taken at the time which exceeded all hopes based upon the enterprise. Mr. Montagu had certainly been right to insist on playing high and giving the Germans names which could not fail to attract their attention rather than those of subordinates.

At this point I braced myself to make the most of such critical power as I possessed. I had come across several instances of schemes of this nature, even if less elaborate, succeeding so far, but being propped up by speculation about the final success, which is what counts. I realised the width of the gap between worrying and puzzling the victim of a ruse and inducing him to do something positive which is unfavourable to his cause. On the whole, this record stood up very well to the test of examination. It is already known that Hitler disagreed with the Duce that the most likely invasion point was Sicily and that a captured "Anglo-Saxon order" had confirmed him in his belief that the attack would be directed mainly against Sardinia and the Peloponnese. This was what it was intended he should believe. Furthermore, the 1st Panzer Division was ordered to move all the way from France to the Peloponnese; Turkey was warned that troops and shipping were being sent to Greece and that this implied no hostile intentions against her; the Naval High Command ordered the laying of three new minefields off the Greek coast, including one off Kalamata, mentioned as a landing-place in the false documents; and motor torpedo-boats were actually sent eastward from Sicily. The sceptic can hardly ask for more, but, in fact, there is a bit more.

I must conclude by expanding a comment I made earlier, that I find in this true record a disagreeable quality absent from the fiction of Lord Norwich. I may be told that it is ridiculous to be squeamish about the use of a corpse for such a purpose in a war in which thousands upon thousands were being killed and maimed, especially when it was hoped to save many lives by the use of that corpse. To that my answer



THE GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN MAN WHO IN DEATH RENDERED A SERVICE TO THE ALLIES THAT SAVED MANY HUNDREDS OF LIVES: THE GRAVESTONE OF PLAIN WHITE MARBLE IN THE GRAVEYARD OF THE SPANISH TOWN OF HUELVA, WHERE "MAJOR MARTIN" WAS BURIED—HIS MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.

"In the graveyard of the Spanish town of Huelva there lies a British subject. As he died, alone, in the foggy damp of England in the late autumn of 1942, he little thought that he would lie forever under the sunny skies of Spain after a funeral with full military honours, nor that he would, after death, render a service to the Allies that saved many hundreds of British and American lives."

Illustrations reproduced from "The Man Who Never Was"; by courtesy of the Publishers, Evans Bros., Ltd.

is that I do not feel in the least squeamish about the incident. I applaud the design and admire the execution. I do not, however, particularly appreciate the book as it is written, which is a different matter. I take no pleasure in reading about the body being kept in cold storage and the feet being thawed by a heater in order to allow boots to be put on. The filling of the canister containing the body with ice leaves me cold. However, my sentiments may not be general, and I have, I hope, said enough to make it clear that the book contains a lot of interesting reading. That is all I need say on this point, except that a photograph of the corpse is included, and that I do not consider it does much credit to the taste of the person responsible for putting it in.

Issued in lieu of N° 09650 lost. Navy Form B.1511

NAVAL IDENTITY CARD No. 148228

Surname **MARTIN**

Other Names **WILLIAMS**

Rank (at time of issue) **Captain, R.M.**

(Active) **MAJ. R.**

Ship (at time of issue) **H.Q.**

COMBINED OPERATIONS

Place of Birth **CARDIFF**

Year of Birth **1907**

Issued by **C. Evans**

Signature of Bearer **W. Martin**

His title distinguished mark **NIL**

Date **2nd February 1943.**

BEARING THE PHOTOGRAPH OF "MAJOR MARTIN'S" DOUBLE: THE NAVAL IDENTITY CARD PROVIDED FOR "THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS" WITH A NOTE THAT IT WAS ISSUED "IN LIEU OF NO. 09650 LOST."

fiction makes the gruesome aspect of the tale more easy to stomach than the truth.

The situation was that, after the conquest of Tunisia and the clearance of the North African shore, the eyes even of the most simple-minded of strategists were inevitably focussed upon Sicily. The Allied position in the Mediterranean had been greatly improved, but while Sicily remained in the hands of the enemy the threat to Malta could not be completely lifted and the Mediterranean could not be made safe for through convoys. These considerations were as clear to the Germans and Italians as to the British and Americans. The question was whether there existed a possibility of inducing the German Command, now dominant on the Axis side in the Mediterranean, to look elsewhere, to anticipate attack either to the west against Sardinia, or to the east against Greece and her islands or the Italian Dodecanese. It was easy enough to supply false information, but not easy to plant upon the

* "The Man Who Never Was." By Ewen Montagu. With a Foreword by Lord Ismay. (Evans Brothers; 20s. 6d.)



THE NEW MOSCOW STATE UNIVERSITY ON THE LENIN HILLS OUTSIDE MOSCOW: A VIEW OF THE BUILDING, SHOWING THE CENTRAL SPIRE.



A FEATURE OF THE MAIN BUILDING OF THE NEW MOSCOW STATE UNIVERSITY: THE IMPRESSIVE ASSEMBLY HALL FOR THE 6000 UNDERGRADUATES AND POST-GRADUATE STUDENTS.

THE NEW MOSCOW STATE UNIVERSITY BUILDING: AN EXTERIOR VIEW AND THE ASSEMBLY HALL.

On September 1 Mr. Ponomarenko, Minister of Culture, opened the new buildings of the Moscow State University on the Lenin Hills, in the south-western suburb of Moscow. They will house mainly the scientific, technical and mathematical faculties, while the humanities will continue to occupy the University's old buildings in the centre of Moscow. The University was founded in 1755 by the Empress Elizabeth. The central building has

thirty-two floors and is surmounted by a spire rising to about 780 ft. above ground-level, and accommodation has been provided for 6000 students. The buildings contain twenty-one large lecture halls, 141 smaller classrooms, restaurants, games rooms, gymnasia, swimming-baths, libraries and theatres and cinemas. There are nearly 26 miles of corridors and the site covers an area of about 800 acres.



ALL THE FUN OF THE AIR—IN THE PUBLIC ENCLOSURE AT LONDON AIRPORT, WHICH HAS BECOME A POPULAR HOLIDAY RESORT, WITH SIDESHOWS RANGING FROM THE TIME-HONOURED TO THE ULTRA-MODERN.

By way of developing the "air-mindedness" of the general public, sightseeing visitors are always welcome at London Airport; and the public enclosure has now come to be a popular holiday resort, visited during this summer's season by something like 500,000 persons. To the airport in this age has been transferred some of the old

romance associated with the seaports and the railway termini in more primitive days—the sense of escape and departure, the feeling of being at the focus of innumerable comings and goings to the four corners of the world. But no one can sustain such a sense of poetry for long and, to the thrill of watching the arrival and departure of

the airliners of the world, have been added amenities of longer standing—pony rides and drives for the children; charabanc drives round the huge airport; miniature railway rides; local cruising flights in aircraft; roundabouts; picnics for the adults and sandpits for the very young; and, competing with the scream of jets and the din

of merrymaking, the voice of the busker is heard in the land and the insistent rattle of his mate's collecting-box. A fitting scene for a latter-day Frith; and a comment on mankind's ability to absorb, digest and reduce to their proper proportions even the most startling of his own inventions.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



AN INSPECTION BY THE EXPERTS: A CONDUCTED PARTY OF SCHOOLBOYS GIVE THEIR OPINION ON THE DE HAVILLAND COMET. SUCH VISITS ARE A POPULAR FEATURE AT LONDON AIRPORT; AND THE GUIDES NEED TO BE READY, ACCURATE AND WELL-INFORMED TO SATISFY THEIR PUBLIC.



ON THE TERRACE OF THE LONDON AIRPORT RESTAURANT, WHERE LUNCHEON, TEA AND DINNER ARE SERVED FOR THOSE WHO WISH TO SIT AND EAT AND WATCH THE COMING AND GOING OF THE GREAT AIRLINERS AND THE ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF PASSENGERS OF EVERY NATIONALITY.

AT LONDON AIRPORT: AN INSPECTION BY THE EXPERTS; AND LUNCHEON BESIDE THE AIRLINERS.

As announced in July, London's airports are to be reduced to three in the course of the next few years: London Airport, Gatwick and Blackbushe, with Stansted in reserve. Northolt is to be returned to the R.A.F. and Croydon is to be sold. London Airport will carry the very great majority of the traffic, and eventually Gatwick will be the main alternate airport. London Airport is already extremely congested and the development of its amenities is being speeded up. The move from the present prefabricated buildings to the new central terminal area will begin

in 1954 instead of 1956 as originally planned. It is expected that airlines with routes to Europe will be the first in the new buildings, which will be completed for the summer holiday season of 1955. The long-distance airlines will move over later. The mile-long 80-ft. tunnel, through which two double-decker coaches can be driven, is to be opened next month, and this should do much to speed up transport from the central area to the Bath Road. The main new administrative buildings are rapidly taking shape.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



LONDON AIRPORT IS PROBABLY THE WORLD'S MOST COSMOPOLITAN AIR TERMINUS; AND EVERY DAY SOME 2000 PASSENGERS FROM EVERY COUNTRY OF THE WORLD MINGLE AND PASS IN ITS MAIN LOUNGES AND WAITING-ROOMS, AND CONVERSATION IN A HUNDRED TONGUES MINGLES WITH ANNOUNCEMENTS IN SEVERAL LANGUAGES.



INSIDE THE CONTROL TOWER OF LONDON AIRPORT, WHERE, DURING PEAK SEASONS, AIRLINERS ARE INSTRUCTED BY RADIO TO LAND OR TAKE OFF ABOUT ONCE EVERY THREE MINUTES. AIRCRAFT WAITING FOR LANDING INSTRUCTION ARE "STACKED" AT 1000-FT. INTERVALS OVER EPSOM BEACON.

THE MEETING-PLACE OF THE PEOPLES AND AIRLINES OF THE WORLD: AIRCRAFT AND PASSENGER TRAFFIC AT LONDON AIRPORT.

London Airport is an immense administrative organisation devoted basically to coping with three main factors of different degrees of predictability: aircraft, people and weather. Aircraft are controlled from the tower, from which, by radio, waiting aircraft are told where, when, and how they must land. Through the waiting-rooms and lounges thousands of passengers from every country pass continually, and through the Customs in a single month in 1952 nearly 63,000 persons passed; and in the temporary buildings, which are to be

superseded in the next few years, the babel of tongues and the roar of aircraft are such that the loud-speaker announcements in several tongues can hardly be heard. Various types of sound insulation and "acoustic walls" are being tested in and about London Airport. Weather can not be controlled, but it can largely be forecast, and the airport is linked by teleprinter with all international centres; and departing aircrews receive weather reports covering every mile of the way and landing conditions at their next stop before they take off from the airport.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

RICHARD WILSON*

A Review By FRANK DAVIS.

HERE is a book, exact and scholarly, which has been in preparation since before the war, which sets down with meticulous and painstaking accuracy all that is known about the life and work of Richard Wilson, and which, in addition, throws some light upon some dark places; that is, it passes in review a vast number of canvases which have at one time or another been fathered upon this most accomplished landscape painter and very judiciously discusses the evidence for and against. The 300 pages of text and 160 illustrations are not intended for butterfly reading; this is a reference book in the full sense of the word, not a seaside thriller; and yet, once you have acquired a taste which many will consider peculiar, there are few detective stories more genuinely exciting—no, that is scarcely the word, stimulating is what I should have said—than the pursuit of truth and the confounding of error in such matters as crediting a fine painter with work worthy of his talents. What usually happens some years after the death of almost any considerable artist? After a period of eclipse, people begin to take an interest in him again, and everyone who has inherited or acquired a picture remotely resembling his more famous and fully authenticated paintings jumps to the conclusion, at once flattering to their self-esteem and to their pockets, that their particular goose is a swan. To sort out with some degree of finality this great mass of material is perhaps beyond the wit of man; if the task can be carried out in the case of Wilson, it has been done by Mr. Constable with relentless logic and a proper sense of human fallibility, for there are numerous border-line cases in which he decides to suspend judgment. A tricky, delicate business, and I don't know which to admire most—the author's formidable erudition or the modest way he makes use of it; he takes you gently by the hand and almost persuades you that you know Wilson as well as he does. The chapter entitled "Collectors, Connoisseurs and Critics" is particularly welcome, for it traces in great detail the rise and fall of a painter's popularity (he never enjoyed any marked success during his lifetime) and notes how a few years after his death at the age of sixty-nine, in 1782, the climate of criticism changed. Hoppner, for example, wrote: "We recollect no painter, who with so much originality of manner, united such truth and grandeur of expression," and later: "He should acknowledge the beauties of Claude, but say Wilson was a piece of more relish."

As Mr. Constable remarks: "The justness of these criticisms is not here in question; their interest is

to any of us to-day in this connection. It would seem that the men who appreciated him most at the turn of the century were artists. Hoppner has already been quoted. Here is Fuseli, in 1801: "He is now numbered with the classics of the art, though little more than a fifth part of a century has elapsed since death relieved him from the apathy of the cognoscenti, the envy of rivals and the neglect of a tasteless public." (Note: The poor old public has been fair game for superior persons from time immemorial; when it refuses to think or act as you say it should, you are obviously entitled to load it with abuse.) In 1805 Martin Archer Shee gives his considered opinion: "The most accomplished landscape painter this country ever produced; uniting the composition of Claude with the execution of Poussin . . . the merits of Wilson are now found out, though unhappily too late for him to benefit by the discovery; and the authentick productions of his hand are purchased at all fashionable sales, with an avidity that procures for the picture dealer the affluence that was denied the Painter."

There are many other similar and—we might think—extravagant praises showered upon Wilson at this period, with considerable auction activity in consequence, a picture for which Wilson received £27 changing hands at £250, for example. In 1814 an exhibition of paintings by him and by Gainsborough and Hogarth was held at the British Institution, and many of these were lent by painters of the calibre of J. M. W. Turner and Sir Thomas Lawrence, while Benjamin West said of one painting owned by him that it was "coloured equal to Cuyp or Both, and in parts like Titian"—a handsome tribute indeed, and one, moreover, especially interesting to the present generation, which is not in the habit of referring to that able Italianate Dutchman Both in the same breath as Cuyp and Titian. Later on, interest declined

and Mr. Constable notes that in the sale catalogues of the 'twenties and 'thirties his name appears only rarely in the front of the catalogue with Reynolds, Gainsborough and Morland. I could have wished (and this is mere greediness amid such a feast) that the author had found it possible to provide yet further information about the public's appreciation of Wilson during the century which followed. My impression is that there is not much to be said until he was rediscovered in the 1920's; or, if that is too strong a word, until he was recognised in our own times not as a Claude or a Titian,

but as an Englishman who brought to the English countryside a breath of the warm south; for here is a man who is at once unmistakably English and a citizen of the world.

What sort of person was the subject of all this mingled indifference and eulogy? The son of a Welsh parson, he seems to have learnt the classics from his father, was able ever afterwards to quote Horace on any subject mentioned, and in due course was sent to London to "indulge his prevailing love of the arts of design"; and later set up as a portrait painter.

Few of us, I must admit, think of him in this connection, but he seems to have had an important following and made enough money to treat himself to a particularly superb waistcoat, of the richest green satin, ornamented with gold lace. In 1750 he went to Venice and there he appears to have decided to devote himself to landscapes. He was in Rome in 1752—still painting an occasional portrait. A large number of paintings of Italian subjects exist, but, says Mr. Constable, a large proportion were painted not in Italy but in England. "Those made in England



A COMPOSITION WHICH, JUDGING FROM THE NUMBER OF VERSIONS AND IMITATIONS, WAS AMONG THE MOST POPULAR THAT WILSON PAINTED: "THE WHITE MONK," BY RICHARD WILSON [1713?-1782]—THE SITE HAS SOMETIMES BEEN IDENTIFIED AS TIVOLI, BUT IT MAY WELL REPRESENT THE LOWER PART OF THE ANIO GORGE. (Canvas, 26 by 30½ ins.)

Lady Lever Art Gallery, Port Sunlight.

were not necessarily derived from a painting made in Italy; but may go back to a drawing made there or even to a painting made in England from such a drawing."

Back in England by, probably, 1756, he lived in considerable style in Covent Garden, and was held in high esteem by his fellow-artists; he was one of the thirty-four foundation members of the Royal Academy in 1768. It is after 1775 that his fortunes began to wane; there are many stories concerning his



WITH A STANDING FIGURE HOLDING AN UMBRELLA; NO SAPLING BEHIND THE TREES ON RIGHT AND A ROUND TOWER ON THE HILL (LEFT): A VARIANT OF "THE WHITE MONK," BY RICHARD WILSON. (Canvas, 35½ by 50 ins.)

Agnew and Sons, London.

in revealing how much the critical weather had changed, with Wilson put on an equality with Reynolds, and set above Claude . . . and Constable" (the painter that is, not our author) "understood what Wilson meant to himself and his contemporaries when he wrote on May 9, 1823, to Archdeacon Fisher: "He [i.e., Wilson] is now walking arm-in-arm with Milton and Linnaeus." Hardly the two names, I suggest, which would occur



SIGNED "RW" (MONOGRAM, R. REVERSED): ANOTHER VARIANT OF "THE WHITE MONK," BY RICHARD WILSON, THE SEATED FIGURES BEING WITHOUT THE UMBRELLA. (Canvas, 21 by 27½ ins.)

Walter Sloye, Headington. Illustrations reproduced from "Richard Wilson"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Routledge and Kegan Paul.

difficulties, the nicest one being the request of Paul Sandby to Wilson when the latter was selling his drawings for a few shillings, to give him the first refusal at a higher price and allowing Wilson to suppose that he (Sandby) disposed of the drawings among his friends, when he, in fact, kept them himself. Gradually poor Wilson took to the bottle. Finally, the R.A. came to his help, appointing him Librarian at £50 per annum, but his health was broken. Mr. Moser acted as deputy at a salary of £15, and Wilson retired to a cousin's house in North Wales, where he died in 1782.

* "Richard Wilson" (English Master Painters Series). By W. G. Constable. (Published by Routledge and Kegan Paul; £3 10s.)

THE ART OF MATTHEW SMITH: SOME PICTURES FROM A COMPREHENSIVE EXHIBITION OF HIS WORK AT THE TATE.



ON September 3 a comprehensive exhibition of eighty-one paintings by Mr. Matthew Smith opened at the Tate Gallery, and may be described as the first to cover all the main periods of his work. For reasons of space it has not been found possible to include pastels, water-colours or drawings. Mr. Matthew Smith was born at Halifax, in the West Riding

(Continued below.)

(LEFT.) "MODEL TURNING"; BY MATTHEW SMITH; PAINTED IN PARIS IN 1924 AND PURCHASED BY THE TATE GALLERY IN NOVEMBER 1936. (26 by 32 ins.)



"FITZROY STREET NO. 1": THE SAME MODEL IN THE SAME POSE WAS USED FOR "FITZROY STREET NO. 2," PAINTED IN 1916. (34 by 30 ins.) (Chantrey Purchase, 1952.)



"CYCLAMEN" (c. 1920): A FLOWER-PIECE EXHIBITED IN THE TATE GALLERY CONTINENTAL EXHIBITION IN 1946 AND PURCHASED BY THE GALLERY IN 1936. (24 by 20 ins.)



"AUGUSTUS JOHN, Q.M., R.A., IN HIS STUDIO" (1944): ONE OF THREE PORTRAITS OF AUGUSTUS JOHN BY THIS ARTIST. (40 by 30 ins.) (Lent by Jocelyn Walker, Esq.)



"PEONIES" (c. 1928): PURCHASED BY THE TATE GALLERY IN 1928 AND EXHIBITED IN THE TATE GALLERY CONTINENTAL EXHIBITION IN 1946. (30 by 25 ins.)



"STILL LIFE" (c. 1930): PRESENTED TO THE TATE GALLERY BY MR. AND MRS. MATTHEW SMITH IN 1943 IN MEMORY OF SQUADRON-LEADERS F. M. AND C. D. SMITH. (32 by 39½ ins.)

(Continued.) of Yorkshire, in 1879, and held his first one-man exhibition at the Mayor Gallery in April 1926. In the catalogue of the present exhibition, Mr. Francis Bacon writes a painter's tribute to Matthew Smith, and says: "He seems to me to be one of the very few English painters since Constable and Turner to be concerned with painting—that is, with attempting to make idea and technique inseparable.



"APPLES ON A DISH": PAINTED IN 1919 AND PURCHASED BY THE TATE GALLERY IN 1947. ORIGINALLY IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. CYRIL KLEINWORT. (18 by 21½ ins.)

Painting in this sense tends towards a complete interlocking of image and paint, so that the image is the paint and *vice versa*. Here the brush-stroke creates the form and does not merely fill it in. . . . I think that painting to-day is pure intuition and luck, and taking advantage of what happens when you splash the stuff down, and in this game of chance Matthew Smith seems to have the gods on his side."

THE TOMBS OF THE "SEVEN AGAINST THEBES" —AN ANCIENT BELIEF EXPLORED AND EXPLODED, AND FIFTEEN HUNDRED YEARS OF BURIALS AT ELEUSIS.

By GEORGE E. MYLONAS, Professor of the History of Art and Archaeology, Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri.

ELEUSIS is to-day a small industrial town; in antiquity it was one of the greater religious centres of the pagan world. In its Hall of Initiation, its famous Telesterion, were celebrated the Eleusinian Mysteries in honour of Demeter and Persephone. After a life of 2000 years that religious centre was abandoned, its buildings were destroyed and were buried deeply below their own debris. Buried they remained for centuries until they were brought back to light and life again by the systematic excavations of the Greek Archaeological Society of Athens that were started in 1882. Since then, and year after year, the work of excavation continued, first under the direction of Demetrios Philios, then under that of Andreas Skias and Konstantinos Kourouniotes. As a result of their efforts and by the end of the Second World War, when the last of the pioneer three died, the sanctuary area of Eleusis was almost completely explored and its remains uncovered. The cemetery of Eleusis, however, remained unexplored and its systematic investigation was decided upon by my colleague, Mr. John Travlos, and myself and was started in the spring of 1952 as a joint project of the Greek Archaeological Society and of Washington University. The cemetery proved to be a vast necropolis almost a mile in length, stretched along the north side of the ancient road from Eleusis to Megara. Furthermore, it proved to be a very interesting and almost unique site in the experience of archaeologists working in Greece. For it was used continually from the Middle Bronze Age to the closing years of the Mycenaean Age that mark the end of the Prehistoric Era in Greece: approximately from 1800 to 1100 B.C. Then it was abandoned, to be used again beginning with the early fifth century B.C. to the date of Christ. Graves of the Historic period are being found sandwiched between the prehistoric graves in well-defined superposed layers, and sometimes burials of the Historic era were lowered in prehistoric graves (Fig. 1). In the course of the excavation often enough we found ourselves dealing simultaneously with remains of a number of periods separated by centuries. For instance, early in June one of our expert workers was clearing the remains of one of the early Indo-Europeans who, coming from the north, settled at Eleusis around 1800 B.C., while a second worker was removing terra-cotta figurines of the Mycenaean goddess found in the grave of a child who apparently died about 1300 B.C. (Fig. 6). At another section a third labourer was opening up a terra-cotta coffin of a young girl who was active in

[Continued below.]



FIG. 1. THE BURIAL OF A CHILD OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C. IN A PITHOS SUNK INTO A LATE MYCENAEAN GRAVE OF C. 1300 B.C. WITH THE CHILD'S BODY ARE THIRTEEN VASES AND FOUR FIGURINES—A COCK, A DOG, A HORSEMAN AND A RECLINING WOMAN.



FIGS. 4 AND 5. THE GRAVE OF A SMALL BOY OF THE FIFTH-FOURTH CENTURY B.C. BEFORE (ABOVE) AND AFTER (BELOW) INVESTIGATION. IT IS IN THE FORM OF A TERRA-COTTA LARNAX; AND VASES AND KNUCKLEBONES ARE SCATTERED BOTH OUTSIDE AND WITHIN. JUST ABOVE THE SKULL LIES A MINIATURE STRIGIL, OR FLESH-SCRAFER.

[Continued.]

the days of Pericles, while a fourth was investigating the contents of a sarcophagus placed in the earth during the exciting days of Alexander the Great. The prehistoric graves are of exceptional scientific interest because they provide an unbroken record of the development of grave construction and of burial customs from c. 1800 to 1100 B.C. The earliest examples are box-like, cist graves and contain a single skeleton laid in a strongly-flexed position on a floor of pebbles. Out of these develop the large family graves of the Mycenaean period, with elaborate entrances, blocked by slabs, and a rich assortment of furnishings. The latter include vases, figurines, necklaces, engraved gems, bronze weapons, etc.; but vases are the most numerous, and again of these cups and vessels for liquids are the most common. The graves of the Historic era include both cremations and inhumations. Often enough the cremated remains were placed in urns of terra-cotta. In one case the remnants of the calcined bones, enveloped in cloth, were placed in a bronze *lebes* and this was deposited in a small stone sarcophagus. Around the base of the bronze vessel were placed as offerings five *lekkythoi* containing perhaps oil and unguents (Fig. 8). Perhaps the most

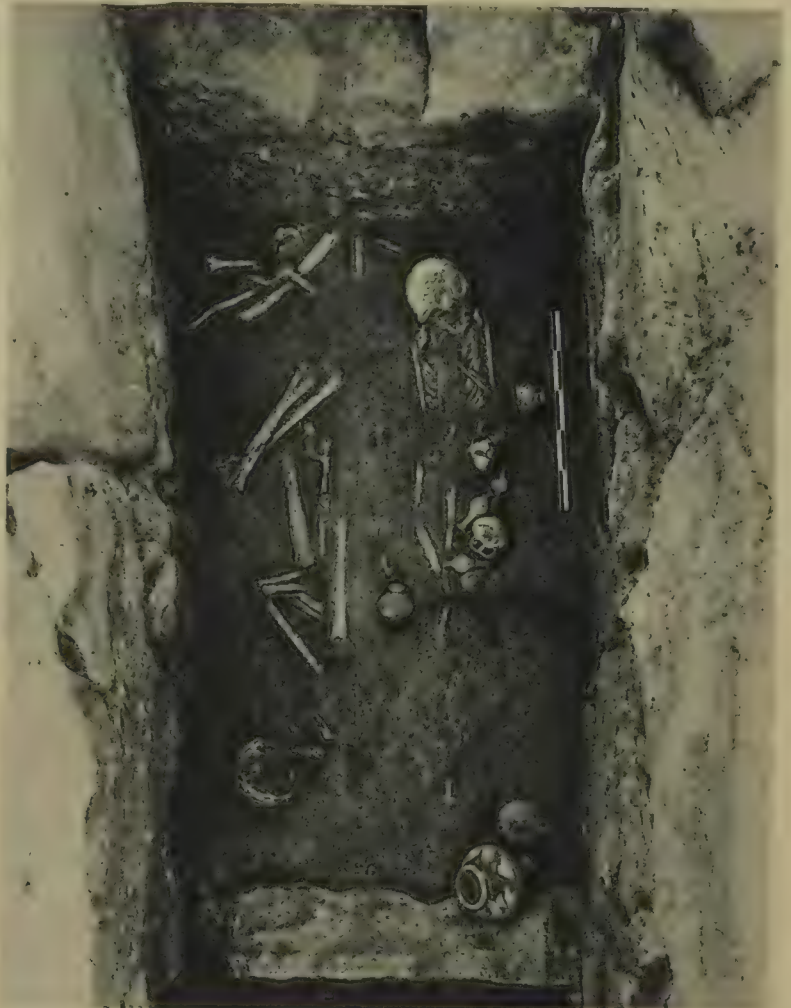


FIG. 6. A CHILD'S GRAVE OF 2900 YEARS AGO: A LATE MYCENAEAN BURIAL. AMONG THE BONES LIE VASES AND THREE FIGURINES OF THE MYCENAEAN GODDESS. THE SCALE SHOWN IS HALF A METRE.

interesting example of inhumation found to date is the burial of a small boy, illustrated in Figs. 4-5. The body was placed in a rectangular terra-cotta coffin (a *larnax*) at the bottom of a shaft which was filled with broken stone. Over its lid were found some twenty-eight *astragaloi*, knucklebones and egg-shells. The *astragaloi* were used in a very popular game and the eggs were considered symbolic of regeneration and perhaps of immortality. At the south-east corner of the cover three vases were placed as parting gifts. When the *larnax* was opened and the earth filling it was removed, its contents came out in dramatic sharpness (Fig. 5). The skull was destroyed by the broken cover and the superposed weight after the former collapsed; but the rest of the skeleton was found almost completely preserved. By its feet two small vases were found, while a number of *astragaloi* were disclosed by its left knee; along its right temple a miniature *strigil* came to light, proving that the burial was that of a small boy who was active at Eleusis about the end of the fifth and the beginning of the fourth century B.C. Ever since the use of the prehistoric cemetery by the historic inhabitants of Eleusis was established my colleagues and I kept wondering whether our cemetery could have been the one mentioned by Pausanias, a traveller of the mid-second century of our Era and the constant companion of archaeologists working in Greece. As far as the precinct of Demeter at Eleusis is concerned, Pausanias proved a disappointment to the modern scholar. For although he described fully the monuments along the Sacred Way and even the temples in the outer court of the precinct, he passed over the sanctuary with the words: "My dream forbade me to describe what is within the wall of the sanctuary." Then he described the roads which led from Eleusis to Thebes and from Eleusis to Megara. By the latter he saw the "graves of the men who marched against Thebes." That the ancients believed that the heroes who, along with Polyneices, took part in the fatal war against Thebes were buried around Eleusis is further

[Continued above, right.]

Continued.

indicated by the story of Euripides' *Suppliants*, and by Plutarch's definite words: "The graves of the leaders — of the expedition against Thebes — are pointed out around Eleusis." Those graves were also pointed out to Pausanias. And the question remained in our minds: Can we hope to find the graves in the prehistoric cemetery of Eleusis? Towards the western end of the cemetery and in the closing weeks of our campaign a very imposing grave, surrounded by a circular peribolos, came to light. Its covers were missing, but its walls seemed intact (Fig. 2). Near it other large, impressive graves, built of large stones, were soon revealed. Finally, in the same level we had six prehistoric graves, and the excitement increased when it was found out that the area of the six graves had been set aside from the rest of the cemetery by low walls built in the Historic Era (Fig. 7). Within the area so enclosed no burials of the Historic Era were found, and this naturally indicated that it had been set aside as something special. In the same area and at a lower level two additional small graves were found (Fig. 7, *a* and *b*), but we have evidence proving that these had remained unknown to the Classical users of the cemetery. To us, who kept probing the earth around the graves for days, it

(Continued below.)



FIG. 2. THE FIRST OF THE GRAVES OF THE "SEVEN AGAINST THEBES" TO BE DISCOVERED. IT NOW SEEMS CLEAR THAT THE ANCIENTS THOUGHT THESE WERE THE HEROES' GRAVES, BUT THEY ARE NOW PROVED TO BE OF SEVERAL DIFFERENT CENTURIES. THE CIRCLE OF STONES SEEMS TO BE A MARK OF DISTINCTION.

Continued.

became evident that the six large graves were the subject of special attention on the part of the Eleusinians. It gradually dawned upon us that these impressive graves could perhaps be the ones attributed by the ancient Greeks to the legendary leaders of the expedition against Thebes. The investigation of the contents of the graves proved disheartening, because all six graves had been investigated in the past. But when? we kept asking ourselves. When modern, or even ancient, illicit diggers despoil a grave they usually destroy its skeletal contents and hastily fill it with earth. In four of the six excavated graves the skeletal remains were disturbed as little as possible and the shafts through which they were investigated were filled up with small stones that sealed the grave compactly (Fig. 3). The other two were similarly treated, but in a subsequent period had been dug up again and their contents destroyed. Among the stones used to fill the graves fragments of pottery were found which date the operation; and these fragments belong to the Classical Era (c. 450-325 B.C.). Furthermore, we have the proof that the custom of pouring small stones to fill the shaft of a grave was practised at Eleusis in the Classical Era. There can be little doubt that the six graves were found and were investigated in antiquity. Their discovery must have caused a sensation. We must remember that the people of the Classical Greek world knew practically nothing about their ancestors of the Bronze Age. To them the prehistoric past was a dark and mythical age to which were assigned any and all things which differed from their own. To that prehistoric past naturally were attributed the six graves of Eleusis and perhaps articles and weapons found in them and made in bronze — of the metal of the Heroic Age — helped that attribution. Furthermore, the size of the graves and their impressive construction must have imposed the conviction that they belonged to important personalities, to some legendary heroes, to six heroes connected with the Eleusinian tradition. That conception naturally pointed to the heroes of the Theban war, who, according to the prevalent tradition, were buried at Eleusis (except Amphiaraus, who was swallowed by the earth). This attribution parallels others made in other parts of the Greek world. The people of Delos, for example, attributed to the legendary Hyperborean Maidens two Mycenaean graves they found on their island, and the people of Mycenae attributed to Agamemnon and his companions the graves known to exist within their citadel, although, as we now know, those graves antedated the legendary heroes by at least four centuries. Thus it seems clear that in the Classical Era the six prehistoric graves of Eleusis were discovered and investigated, their owners were determined, their area was set aside by walls and the group was pointed out to visitors as a historic monument, as the graves of the legendary leaders who had led the expedition against Thebes. One question remains to be answered. Are the six prehistoric graves of Eleusis actually the graves of the leaders of the expedition against Thebes? The ancient Greeks of the late Classical Era believed them so to be. Unfortunately, our investigations have proved that the graves could not have belonged to these legendary figures, that they were wrongly attributed to them by the Eleusinians. For in spite of the removal of their furnishings in antiquity, evidence has survived in the form of vases, of the number of the people buried in each grave and of the construction of the graves themselves, that proves them to belong to various periods, sometimes separated by entire centuries. But the evidence



FIG. 3. THE GRAVE OF FIG. 2 EXCAVATED. THE SMALL STONES IN THE FOREGROUND INDICATE THAT THE GRAVE WAS INVESTIGATED IN THE HISTORIC AGE. THE SCALE IS HALF A METRE.



FIG. 7. THE GRAVES THAT THE CLASSICAL GREEKS AND PAUSANIAS BELIEVED TO BE THOSE OF THE "SEVEN AGAINST THEBES." (A) AND (B) ARE EARLIER, HOWEVER, AND WERE NOT KNOWN TO PAUSANIAS.

which has survived and which is now available to us justifies fully the conclusion that the six graves uncovered in the cemetery of Eleusis this July are the ones which the ancient Greeks, beginning with the closing years of the fifth century B.C., on, believed to have been the graves of Capaneus, Eteocles, Hippomedon, Parthenopæus, Tydeus and Polyneices. The graves illustrated in Figs. 2, 3, and 7 are the ones which, according to Plutarch, were pointed out to people as the graves of the leaders of the ill-fated expedition against Thebes; they are the graves which Pausanias saw on the road from Eleusis to Megara, "the graves of the men who marched against Thebes."



FIG. 8. AN URN BURIAL OF THE LATE FIFTH CENTURY B.C. THE ASHES ARE IN A BRONZE LEBES, SET WITH A FEW VASES IN A SARCOPHAGUS OF POROS.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



GROUSE-shooting began on August 12. Partridges feel less secure after September 1 and pheasants from October 1. There is, however, no date given in the calendar for the largest game-bird, the great bustard. I was reminded of this a few days ago when, in the small hours, I took a book at random from the shelf to read before retiring for the night. It was the volume of "Nature Notes," the Selborne Society's Magazine, for 1902, and the page, chosen also at random, bore an account of this bird by Dr. A. J. H. Crespi. The date and manner of its arrival in this country are uncertain, and so is the date of its extinction as a resident bird. According to him, the Romans may have been responsible for its introduction, an opinion based largely upon the absence of fossil remains with us. But these long-suffering invaders of early Britain have been erroneously credited with introducing so many things that we can reasonably dismiss it. The date of its extinction as a native bird is usually given as 1838.

Crespi's account is a sad story of human greed, but even without this, the banishment of this large bird from our downs, uplands and heaths must have been inevitable in the face of the dense human settlement that has changed the face of the country since the early nineteenth century. Nicholson, in "Birds and Man," recalls that the avocet, now showing signs of becoming re-established, ceased to breed in this country some years before the great bustard, and remarks: "... and as it [the great bustard] breeds chiefly in crops in Spain and Central Europe there is perhaps no insuperable obstacles to its re-establishment as a British farm bird..." But is this correct? I looked out of the window, across the moonlit countryside, in the direction of Hampshire and Wiltshire, two of the counties where the great bustard was formerly abundant, and tried to picture it back with us. Even at that hour, the rattle of a motor-bicycle came all too audibly from some distance away and an aeroplane boomed loudly overhead. Regretfully I could see no future here for this handsome bird.

Described by Pliny as the *avis tarda*, the slow bird, it is known to the present-day ornithologist as *Otis tarda*. Its distribution was always discontinuous, and to-day it breeds in Portugal, Southern Spain and Morocco, in South-Eastern and Eastern Europe and in Western Asia as far as the Altai. Outside these areas it is of sporadic occurrence over most of Europe and the Mediterranean. Moreover, in these areas, as in Britain, it was formerly present in abundance. As large as a turkey, the cock bustard may weigh up to 32 lb., with a wing span of 8 ft. The colouring, too, is conspicuous. The head and neck are grey, the back and tail are a cinnamon red barred with black, and the under-parts white. The legs are strong, and the slowness referred to by Pliny probably refers to the apparent difficulty in taking wing, for one early writer suggests it may be possible to take the bird by hand while it is in the act of taking wing. Whether this is true or not, all accounts refer to its speed in running and the strength of its flight once it is airborne. Albin, in his "Natural History of Birds," 1738, says: "... yet they are timorous and circumspect, and will not suffer a Man to come within a Furlong of them, before they take Wing and fly away; yet our Fowlers report that they may be run down with Greyhounds."

It is this timorous character alone that would probably suffice to prevent the great bustard from settling again in this or any other country under

A LOST GAME-BIRD.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

modern conditions. In scientific terms, the bird has an unusually long flight distance; that is, the distance within which it will not tolerate disturbance before taking safety in flight. This flight distance varies from one species to another, and within a given species according to the nature of the disturbance and other general



A VICTIM OF HUMAN SETTLEMENT IN EUROPE: THE MALE GREAT BUSTARD; SHOWING THE REMARKABLE COURTSHIP DISPLAY IN WHICH THE PLUMAGE, CINNAMON RED BARRED WITH BLACK, ON THE BACK AND TAIL, IS SUDDENLY CONVERTED INTO A BILLOWING MASS OF WHITE AS THE WING-COVERTS AND TAIL FEATHERS ARE TURNED OVER TO EXPOSE THEIR WHITE UNDERSIDE.



DIFFERING FROM THE MALE MAINLY IN SIZE, BEING THE SMALLER OF THE TWO: THE HEN OF THE GREAT BUSTARD, WHOSE HABIT OF NESTING IN CROPS, ESPECIALLY STANDING CORN, HAS PROBABLY CONTRIBUTED MUCH TO THE REDUCTION OF THE BIRD'S NUMBERS, FROM THE DESTRUCTION OF NESTS BY FARM IMPLEMENTS.

Photographs by Neave Parker reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History).

circumstances. Thus, in a London park I found a flock of greenfinches rose from the ground at a consistent 30 yards every time I approached them. In the same park, a group of crows had a flight distance of some 50 yards, and wood pigeons 100 yards. On the other hand, crows in a built-up area near by allowed me to go within 20 yards of them, and in the trees in the same area the wood pigeons had a flight distance of less than 10 yards for man and about 1 yard for the wheels of a bus—often flying up only just in time to escape destruction.

Incidentally, it has been the observation of several people with whom I have compared notes, that the blackbirds in the gardens, of Surrey, at all events,

this spring allowed one to go within a foot of them while they were foraging for their nestlings. Adaptability in the matter of flight distance must be one of the main factors in determining whether a bird can live on terms with human beings. The great bustard was said by Gilbert White to have a flight distance—not that he used those words—of 3 to 4 furlongs. Other writers have given a furlong and a quarter-of-a-mile, but Heinroth, probably the most reliable, gives 500 yards. This distance is exceeded in this country only by the red deer, when irritable, with 600 yards.

A flight distance of 500 yards means that a bird will feed only when it is assured of an area of 500 yards radius having a guaranteed freedom from disturbance. Such places are difficult to find in the bustling eastern and southern counties of England, where the bustard formerly had its main feeding and breeding grounds, with their teeming mechanised human populations and as many dogs as there are sheep. Whether it could show a greater tolerance in the absence of persecution is problematic. So large and palatable a bird is too tempting a target, and it probably seldom has the encouragement to be less timorous! Where straightforward means for killing it failed, highly ingenious methods were used. We read, for example, of the practice of putting down bait within range of a battery of shotguns having strings fastened to the triggers. When the bird was settled and busily feeding, the strings were pulled. Then we have the testimony of Mr. Tristram Valentin, in the reign of George IV., that "on one occasion a man (the name is withheld from execration) is said to have succeeded in killing no fewer than seven at one discharge." Or, again, there was the boy who killed a bustard on Salisbury Plain, in 1871, by charging his gun "with a marble he happened to have in his pocket at the time."

Sometimes the fortunes of battle went the other way, as with the Rev. W. Chaffin, out shooting dotterel in 1751, when the report of his gun disturbed a group of twenty-five bustards, which flew quietly over a hill. The reverend gentleman followed them on horseback and came almost within shot of them. "As they rose, the noise of their wings frightened my horse, which I was leading; he started back, threw me down, and ran away." Such results were, presumably, rare, for the last record of their having bred in this country was in Suffolk in 1832, although some hens, but no males, lingered until 1838. There is the possibility that some hens seen in Norfolk in 1845 were indigenous. On the other hand, they may have been vagrants, for occasional immigrants have appeared at intervals since, some recent records being for the Orkneys (1924), Yorkshire (1926) and Shetlands (1936). In the winters 1870-71, 1879-80 and 1890-91 there were fair numbers to be seen in the eastern and southern counties.

Attempts to reintroduce them failed. Lord Walsingham, for instance, imported seventeen birds, and in a short while "ten had already been wantonly shot."

In common fairness, as well as for the interest, it should be mentioned in conclusion that even a century-and-a-half ago there were landed owners prepared to protect the birds, but as the price in the poulterer's shop in the eighteenth century was from £2 to £4, such altruism had little chance of success. And, to add the final touch, even if the great bustard were not timorous or palatable, or any other of these things, the fact that its diet is largely grain and fleshy leaves—which spells crops—would seal its doom in modern Britain.



A CATCH OF 3115 GEESE ON JULY 29 SEEN AS THEY MOVED TOWARDS THE CAGE—THE BIRDS ARE FLIGHTLESS, HAVING MOULTED THEIR WING-FEATHERS.



SHOWING (ON RIGHT) THE KEEPING CAGE FROM WHICH RINGED BIRDS WERE RELEASED IN GROUPS IN ORDER NOT TO BREAK UP THE FLOCK: PART OF A CATCH OF 675 BIRDS.

A RECORD ROUND-UP OF PINK-FOOTED GEESE: THE SEVERN WILDFOWL TRUST'S ICELANDIC EXPEDITION.

The Severn Wildfowl Trust's expedition under the leadership of Mr. Peter Scott to Central Iceland to mark pink-footed geese was remarkably successful this year and over 9000 birds were ringed. By this means it will be possible to measure the population of the species by the new rocket-net sampling technique developed by the Trust. The expedition arrived in the oasis of the Thjórðarver on July 9 at the beginning of the flightless period, when the goslings are still unable to fly and the adults are moulting their wing-feathers. The birds are, however, very fast

runners, but can be rounded up by a team of catchers mounted on ponies. On July 17 the expedition made its first big catch of 537 geese and goslings, as compared with the best catch of 267 in 1951, and these, having been ringed, were passed into a keep net from which they were released in groups so as not to break up the flock more than was necessary. Four days later the expedition caught 3169 birds and the task of ringing them took over twelve hours. By the last day, August 6, the flightless period was over and only four goslings were caught.

Photographs by Dr. W. J. L. Sladen.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE temptation to fuss their plants is one which few keen gardeners can entirely resist. Many don't even try. They labour under the delusion that all choice plants—all

ON FUSSING PLANTS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

ever being advocated both in books on rock gardening and in the horticultural Press, especially for woolly or silky-leaved plants such as *Asperula arcadiensis* (better known as *A. suberosa*) and some of the Androsaces.

Reginald Farrer was no exception. In his "English Rock Garden" he writes of *Asperula arcadiensis*: "Beautiful as is *A. arcadiensis*, it needs the care that its appearance earns and suggests. For it detests excessive damp in winter, as nearly all Alpine fluffers do; and should, besides its perfect drainage and its light soil in a sunny corner of the rock-work or choice moraine, have the protection of a pane of glass over it after October, as if it were indeed one of the precious Aretian androsaces with which its glory not unsuccessfully competes."

There is a plant of *Asperula arcadiensis* in my garden which has never at any time had any glass

even among the most inveterate cliff-dwellers, that could not be grown successfully if started young in exactly the right rock crevice, and kept most carefully free of weeds—and from

sheets of glass in winter. Years ago on a little outcrop of water-worn limestone rock garden at Stevenage, I found just such a rock crevice. It was in the perpendicular face of a rock weighing a hundredweight or so, and some moorland potentilla was firmly established and deeply rooted into this ideal crevice. Having extracted the native plant, I tucked in, in its place, a young specimen of *Androsace helvetica*, with a silky felty dome of foliage no larger than a boot button. In the course of seven or eight years it grew to the size of half a ping-pong ball, and flowered delightfully each summer. In the end it was not winter rain that finished off *Androsace helvetica*, but some evilly-disposed mouse. *Androsaces*



plants, that is, which are rare, expensive, or which have only recently come into their possession—must be difficult to grow, or tender, and so need fussing, cossetting and pampering. In the majority of cases the plants loathe such treatment, and behave accordingly. If you start by pampering a newly-acquired plant, the odds are that it will play up—do the complete little invalid—and pass out. Treated rough, reasonably rough, with an intelligent amount of caveman stuff, that same plant, put thus on its mettle, will set to work to show what it's made of, and flourish as nature intended it to flourish. I know what I'm talking about, having fussed quite a number of perfectly hardy plants into an early grave, and, on the other hand, having bluffed many more into behaving like the truly tough plants that they were.

The Six Hills Nursery which I ran at Stevenage was essentially a hardy plant nursery. We grew a few tender and half-hardy species, but only as a side-line, and if these found their way into the catalogue they were listed as tender. From the very first I adopted a policy of growing only such plants as would stand up to the Stevenage climate, without special protection or fussments. To ensure that all the plants I grew were up to this standard of toughness, and were at the same time worth garden room, I instituted a test which was described in the introduction of the Nursery catalogue as follows: "A new plant on arriving at Six Hills is at once planted out on rock garden or trial bed as a test for hardiness. If it dies—and

Stevenage is a cold place—it dies. As hardy plantsmen we have no use for half-hardy things. If it lacks beauty, interest or garden value, it is conducted politely to the bonfire."

That policy must have saved us an immense amount of correspondence. But we still got letters asking why the plant had died in spite of its having received every care and comfort. In most cases death was doubtless due to those very comforts. I have known quite a number of amateur gardeners who just can not bring themselves to believe that any plant newly-arrived from a nursery could possibly be truly hardy. All new arrivals have to go through a sort of probationary arrival, during which they are kept mewed up in a frame or a greenhouse. By the time the amateur can screw up his courage to plant them out in the open they will have become thoroughly soft and "susceptible" just as you or I would after a month or two in an atmosphere of hot-water bottles and slops.

One of the most tiresome and unnecessary fussments to which Alpine and rock plants are subjected are cloches and other glass wigwams, and plain sheets of glass, which enthusiasts anxiously erect over their plants to keep the rain off in winter. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, these glass shelters are wholly unnecessary. The hundredth case would probably be happier and healthier if grown in a pot or a pan in the Alpine house or a cold frame. The pity is that "a-sheet-of-glass-in-winter-to-keep-the-rain-off" is for



TWO PLANTS WHICH ARE SOMETIMES—QUITE UNNECESSARILY—"FUSSED": *Androsace lanuginosa* (RIGHT) AND THE BLUE RUSH OF PROVENCE, *Aphyllanthes monspeliensis*, WITH "FLOWERS, LIKE SMALL BLUE HYACINTH BLOSSOMS ON THE EXTREME TIPS" OF THE RUSH-LIKE STEMS—GROWING IN A ROUGH, RAISED BED IN MR. ELLIOTT'S GARDEN. [Photograph by J. R. Jameson.]

protection. It is planted in rather gritty soil in a stone trough rock garden, where, with its back to a chunk of tufa rock, it spreads forward over the edge of the trough. There, without any special attention, and, as I say, entirely without glass protection, it has lived for over twenty years, and looks good for another twenty. It is almost purely a question of giving such plants the right type of soil and the right aspect and position. With *Asperula arcadiensis* light, gritty, well-drained soil, full sun and a sloping position, with a sloping rock-face immediately below the plant, so that its growth may trail down it, should make that sheet of glass in winter entirely superfluous.

The sheet-of-glass technique is almost invariably recommended, too, for the Androsaces, largely, I imagine, because many of them have silky or woolly leaves. Yet I doubt if there is any species of Androsace,

more than almost any other family of rock-garden plants are victims of that sheet-of-glass-in-winter fetish. Even the tough and hearty *Androsace lanuginosa* comes in for the solemn ritual on many a well-constructed rock garden. So much has been written about the hatred of some of the species for excessive winter wet, that the very name *Androsace* fills many amateurs with holy dread, so that up go the glass wigwams over anything that calls itself *Androsace* directly autumn sets in. The astonishing thing is that quite often the plants survive in spite of this coddling. Five years ago I planted two or three young specimens of *Androsace lanuginosa* in a raised bed supported by a rough 4-ft. stone wall. To-day they hang down the face of the wall, in a wide, silky apron, reaching to the ground below. Planted close to the Androsaces are some clumps of another plant for which fan-

tastic fussments are often prescribed—*Aphyllanthes monspeliensis*. *Aphyllanthes* is a charming and most interesting plant. It grows like some very wiry rush, with clumps of leaves a foot or 18 ins. long. It carries its flowers, like small blue hyacinth blossoms, on the extreme tips of these leaves or, rather, leaf-like stems. In his little book "Alpine Plants" (1901) W. A. Clark says of *Aphyllanthes*: "This is a most interesting rush-like plant and a good addition to the edge of the bog garden. It requires peat, sand and loam in equal parts, and a position where the roots can be comparatively dry in winter. A full south position is necessary if on a damp bottom, but if on the dry side of the bog garden a little shade is needed." To find a place in the bog garden where it will be "comparatively dry in winter"—no, no, those directions were by imagination, out of ignorance.

Aphyllanthes grows abundantly, among other places, all along the Corniche road above Nice and Monte Carlo. It was there that I collected mine, and a tough job it was hacking out a few tufts, whose wiry roots were firmly fixed in the iron-hard sun-baked soil on the roadside bank. "Peat, sand and loam in equal parts"—as though one were dispensing a prescription with dangerous drugs—and a position in the bog garden where its roots will be dry in winter! To those who insist on fussing their plants I recommend that most strongly. Otherwise there is a lot to be said for plain soil, good drainage and common sense—in equal parts.

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

A subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is the ideal gift to friends, for as the new copy arrives each week the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought of his or her friend, recalling a birthday or other anniversary. It also solves the problem of packing and other difficulties which arise when sending a gift to friends overseas. Orders for subscriptions can now be taken, and should be addressed to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"

Published at 2/- Weekly

THESE TERMS ARE INCLUSIVE OF POSTAGE		12 months and Xmas No.	6 months and Xmas No.	6 months without Xmas No.
		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
United Kingdom and Eire	5 16 6	3 0 0	2 16 6
Canada	5 14 0	2 19 0	2 15 0
Elsewhere Abroad	5 18 6	3 1 3	2 17 6



RE-ELECTED TO POWER : THE WEST GERMAN CHANCELLOR, DR. KONRAD ADENAUER, ONE OF THE MOST OUTSTANDING FIGURES AND IMPORTANT STATESMEN OF WEST CONTINENTAL EUROPE.

By the early hours of September 7 it was clear that the West German Elections were resulting in a clear victory for Dr. Adenauer and his "Good European" policies. At the time of writing, his party, the Christian Democrats, had gained 244 seats, while the Free Democrats and the German Party, which support him, had gained respectively 48 and 15. The chief Opposition party, the Social Democrats, had won 150 seats, the new Refugee Party had 27 seats and the Centre Party 4. The Communists gained only 2.2 per cent. of the total vote, and so were not

entitled to representation in the new Bundestag, and the Neo-Nazi German Reich Party did even worse, with only 1.1 per cent. Under West German electoral law groups which poll less than 5 per cent. of the total vote are automatically excluded from taking part in the Parliament. This state of the parties will give Dr. Adenauer a comfortable majority for his policies in the House (which has 487 seats), but may not be sufficient for him to amend the constitution. It was estimated that 86.2 per cent. of the electorate of 33,079,978 voters went to the poll.

IT IS STATED IN THE REPORT THAT WITH THE FOG RESTRICTING VISIBILITY TO 100 YARDS OR LESS, AT A SPEED OF 50 M.P.H. THE DURATION OF THE DRIVER'S VIEW WOULD BE ONLY 4 SECONDS.

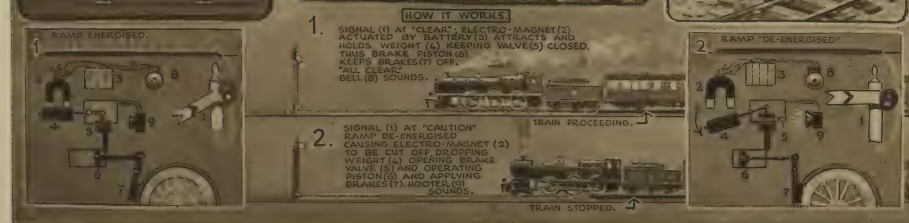
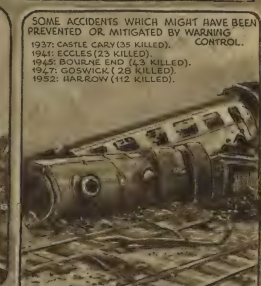
STEAM AND SMOKE FROM A FREIGHT TRAIN MAY FREQUENTLY RESTRICT THE VIEW OF THE DRIVER OF A PASSING TRAIN.

LOW SUN IN THE EYES OF THE DRIVER, RENDERS VIEW OF SIGNALS DIFFICULT AT TIMES.



THE AUTOMATIC TRAIN CONTROL SYSTEM AS IN USE IN THE WESTERN REGION.

DISTANT SIGNAL.



THE LESSONS OF THE HARROW-AND-WEALDSTONE RAILWAY DISASTER: AUTOMATIC CONTROL AND

The official report on the terrible railway accident at Harrow-and-Wealdstone station on October 8, 1932 (in which 112 persons were killed) was published in July by Her Majesty's Stationery Office (at the price of 5s.). In Appendix F, this report states that the accident might have been prevented or at least mitigated if some form of automatic warning control had been in operation; and it stresses the necessity of fitting such control systems, particularly to the main express routes of this country. The report brings out how difficult it is even for experienced drivers to see signals in foggy weather when speeding at some 50 m.p.h.; and it lists as well other conditions in which the driver's vision may be obstructed to such a degree that he may pass a signal at "Caution" without

noticing it. For the past forty-three years the Great Western Railway (now the Western Region of British Railways) have been using an automatic control system of the type illustrated on the left-hand page. In this system a long ramp (linked with the usual visible signal) is used. It is fixed between the rails and is charged with electricity when the signal is at "Clear." On the front axle of the locomotive is a shoe which comes in direct contact with the ramp. As long as the ramp is "energised" the "All Clear" bell rings in the cab, and the train proceeds on its way. But should the train come up to a signal at "Caution" and begin to pass the ramp controlled by this signal, then the ramp is at once "de-energised" (i.e., its

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

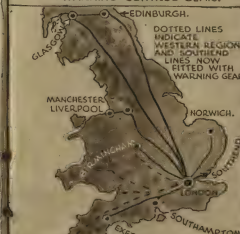
THE MODERN SIGNAL BOX WITH SMALL SWITCHES REPLACING THE OLD FASHIONED HEAVY LEVERS.



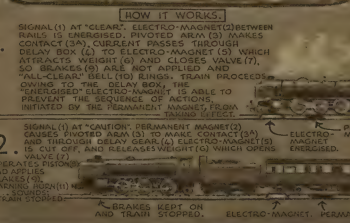
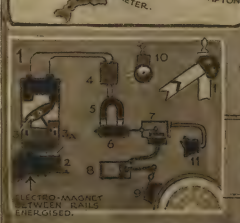
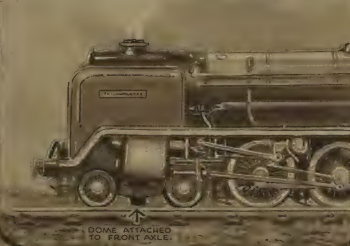
STANDARD COACH.



THE PROPOSED FIVE-YEAR PLAN TO COVER 1,332 MILES OF ROUTE WITH WARNING CONTROL GEAR.



THE DOME OF THE LATEST TYPE WARNING CONTROL GEAR ON A MODERN STANDARD EXPRESS LOCO.

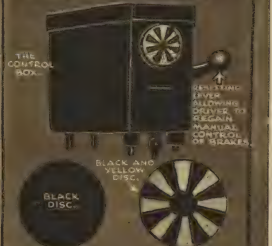


MODERN COLOUR LIGHT SIGNALS WHICH ARE NOW REPLACING THE OLD TYPE SEMAPHORE SIGNALS.



THE TYPE OF WARNING CONTROL SYSTEM ADOPTED FOR USE ON BRITISH RAILWAYS.

VISUAL SIGNALS IN THE CAB.



OTHER DEVICES DISCUSSED AND RECOMMENDED IN THE OFFICIAL REPORT ON THE COLLISION.

current is cut off), and the gear in the locomotive operates automatically at once, the brakes are applied and, as the warning horn sounds to the driver, the train is brought to a stop. For some time British Railways have been experimenting with another device which acts in a way very like the Great Western apparatus, but which is claimed to be much superior. One advantage claimed for it is that there is no direct contact between the gear attached to the axle of the locomotive and the ramps—as explained in the drawings at the bottom of the right-hand page—and that in consequence the system is more reliable in country where deep snow can affect the running. As well as recommending automatic warning control for the lines, the report suggests that colour-light signals have many advantages over the

older type signals, and recommends great development of the new type on all lines in the immediate future. This development incidentally has led to a vast change in signalling generally and the present "box"—illustrated in a drawing of part of the Big Signal Box at York—has only small hand switches for the signalman to turn (or in some regions miniature levers) and he has, moreover, in front of him an illuminated indicator board which gives a clear indication of what is happening on the track. The Harrow-and-Wealdstone accident proved that the coaches which best stood up to the impact of collision were the latest all-welded steel standard types in which the body is also welded to the under-frame—and this type of coach is also illustrated in the drawing.

ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

SORTING IT OUT.

By J. C. TREWIN

THEY still call Edinburgh—and why not? —the Athens of the North; at Festival time the city does not forget. One year we had the "Medea" of Euripides, though in an American version glumly flat; another season brought the pantheon of James Bridie's "The Queen's Comedy," still among the most considerable plays the Festival has bred; and this year we have met "The Trojan Women," by undergraduates of Edinburgh University.

It was here, during 1951 in the University Common Room, that E.U.D.S. did "The Spanish Tragedy," with Hieronimo tearing out his tongue at the end of a drama that clanked with the apparatus of the Revenge Play. Collectors—among whom I was one—applauded. But Kyd's determined horror seems trivial when it is set against "The Trojan Women" in the music of Gilbert Murray's translation, the threnody for a city lost. Again we listen to the cry, "Would ye be wise, ye cities, fly from war"; again Hecuba stands in tragic marble; again the women make their hopeless passage to slavery. Euripides was reminding his countrymen of a deed that did no honour to Athens, the descent upon the little island of Melos which the Athenians captured and sacked, enslaving its women and children. In his tragedy of Troy, written soon after this, Euripides shows through the agony of Hecuba, Andromache, and the others, what conquest can mean to its victims; and there is a grim message to the Greeks: "How are ye blind, ye treading down of cities!"

The play needs to be greatly acted. If the Edinburgh students cannot climb the higher crags, their performance is simple, varied and felt—nothing is gabbled away. By following it with "Philotus," a sixteenth-century Scots farce, barely comprehensible to a Saxon (but with an agreeably wild straw-flinging scene at the end, in which some of us would have liked to join), E.U.D.S. hoped, no doubt, to send us away cheerful. But many, I imagine, found "The Trojan Women" lingering with them on their homeward journey, as it did with me during a long drive beside the nighted Forth.

Not long before "The Trojan Women," Euripides had written the "Ion," a play about a child born of the god Apollo and an Athenian princess and brought up as a foundling in the temple at Delphi. It is suggested that Mr. T. S. Eliot got from this a hint for his new Festival comedy, "The Confidential Clerk," just as we have heard—with some surprise—that "The Cocktail Party" derived from the "Alcestis."

Another claimant to the power-behind-the-throne of "The Confidential Clerk" may be Menander. One recalls his typical mesh of mixed relations and lost children. But, indeed, while listening to the Eliot play and trying desperately to sort it out, one found several famous passages ready to bubble in the mind. I would not have been alarmed if somebody had cried at the last: "He had upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star." Mr. Eliot provides a variety of coincidences but no mole-catching. One waited in vain for a Lady Bracknell to look in and observe, "I need hardly tell you that in families of high position strange coincidences are not supposed to occur; they are hardly considered the thing." Or else: "I am afraid that the news I have to give you will not altogether please you. You are the son of my poor sister, Mrs. Moncrieff, and, consequently, Algernon's elder brother."

Many must have gone further and remembered "The Pirates of Penzance" or "The Gondoliers." I feel that a few of Gilbert's lyrics and a Sullivan score would

have aided "The Confidential Clerk" immensely. It has the makings of a comic libretto; it is hard to believe in the claims now made for it as a major comedy. The plot is a complicated problem of paternity; Mr. Eliot dashes upstairs and downstairs, in his customary way, from one plane of meaning to another, leaving some of us a little breathless (and by

as one of my colleagues has put it? Or about none of these? It is for us to make our guesses.

Mr. Eliot begins with a financier, Sir Claude Mulhammer, who believes that a young man called Colby Simpkins is his illegitimate son; hopefully he instals him as a confidential clerk. The young man is a thwarted musician. Sir Claude is a thwarted potter.

There they are, in big business, with their thoughts ready to drift elsewhere. "I shall go now and sit for awhile with my china," announces Sir Claude at the end of the first act. And at the end of the second act, when life is more than a little muddled, he turns to his presumed son with a hopeful, "Now, Colby, can you find some consolation at the piano?" We gather that Colby cannot—and we do not blame him. There are various other people: the feather-fluffy Lady Mulhammer, a woman with a mind like a wisp of cirrus, who once had an illegitimate son by a man run down by a rhinoceros in Tanganyika (she feels that Colby might be the son); Lucasta Angel, who is certainly Sir Claude's illegitimate daughter; and a young City man, B. Kaghan, bound, we feel, to be somebody's illegitimate son. Undoubtedly, he is. These aside, we greet Mr. Eggerson, a retired confidential clerk who lives in suburban comfort—he is the only completely real character in the piece—and, finally, a very curious person, a Mrs. Guzzard of Teddington, who turns up in the third act, heavy with secrets of parentage. It is her duty to get the play to an end. She fulfils her duty.

So far interpretations have been agreeably conflicting. Maybe that is as well, for one of Mr. Eliot's people says, in effect: "It is when you are sure you understand a person that you are liable to make a worse mistake about him." It should be made clear, I feel, that the play depends largely on the dramatist's name. The machinery of the coincidental plot is not worked with any special art. The dialogue will serve, but only a few of its deliberately funny lines stick in the mind. B. Kaghan says of Lucasta that his problem is how to get her fed between males. Lady Elizabeth says that if you have had no governess and never knew your parents, you cannot understand what loathing means. There is plenty of this light patter. There is also the mechanical comedy of surprise (but if one cannot feel excited about the people, the surprises are blunted). And, throughout, we are treated to a good deal of the dialogue in which Mr. Eliot goes upstairs and touches on questions of heredity and vocation. The long passage on "secret gardens" at the beginning of the second act is not a happy example of the play's intenser thought. I am

forced to believe that if the piece had been signed by an unknown dramatist, and acted by an inferior cast, it would have had a very different reception.

As it is, it is likely—and, in the theatrical sense, the dramatist must thank his stars—to run for some time. Under E. Martin Browne's direction, the company gets from the play all it can. Alan Webb is wholly right as the pottering Eggerson, who finds Colby a job as organist at his parish church, and who looks forward to a time when the young man will take orders. We could have no better Colby than the

quietly sensitive Denholm Elliott, and Isabel Jeans's timing trebles the effect of any line for Lady Elizabeth. Margaret Leighton, Paul Rogers, Alison Leggatt and Peter Jones do their work. But it is a perplexing night, and, personally, I would pause for a long time before joining the cheers. Anybody with leisure can enjoy himself in collecting the various interpretations as they arrive: they will take a lot of sorting out.



"THE TROJAN WOMEN": A SCENE FROM THE EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC SOCIETY'S FESTIVAL PRODUCTION OF EURIPIDES' TRAGEDY, SHOWING (FROM L. TO R.) TALTYBIUS (HARRY GRAY); ILENE ERSKINE AND JANE DICKINSON, CHORUS; CASSANDRA (MYFANWY LLOYD); NORAH MCKELVIE, CHORUS; AND HECUBA (SUSAN DICKINSON)



"PHILOTUS": THE E.U.D.S. PRODUCTION OF A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY SCOTS FARCE BY AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR—A SCENE SHOWING (FROM L. TO R.) MACRELL (ILENE ERSKINE); ALBERTO (JACK RONDER); MINISTER (ALEXANDER SMITH); EMILY (PAMELA BAIN); PHILOTUS (ALEXANDER GRANT); BRISILLA (KITTY SPENCE); AND FLAVIUS (RODERICK GRAHAM).

no means persuaded). This author is still a better poet than playwright.

In "The Confidential Clerk" his poetry languishes as well. The verse never moves into an exciting phrase. Even if it fulfils what is described as its function of giving precision to the thought, it is not easy to discern what Mr. Eliot is thinking. As in "The Cocktail Party," he leaves it to us, which is charming of him, but not very helpful. Is the play about heredity, liberty, identity, vocation? About parents and children and "a kind of ancestor-worship,"

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" (King's, Hammersmith).—Donald Wolfitt has now added Sir Peter Teazle to his remarkable regiment of parts. (August 24.)
 "THE CONFIDENTIAL CLERK" (Edinburgh Festival).—T. S. Eliot's play, touching on such matters—among many others—as liberty and paternity, is a strange mixture but no one will grumble at the quality of the performance under Martin Browne. (August 25.)
 "THE TROJAN WOMEN" and "PHILOTUS" (Edinburgh Festival).—A very gallant double bill, Greek tragedy and ancient Scots farce, by Edinburgh University Dramatic Society in the University Common Room. (August 26.)
 VARIETY (Palladium).—Pat Henning, confidential eccentric comedian, and some expert jugglers and gymnasts enliven a bill headed by Frankie Laine (singer). (August 31.)

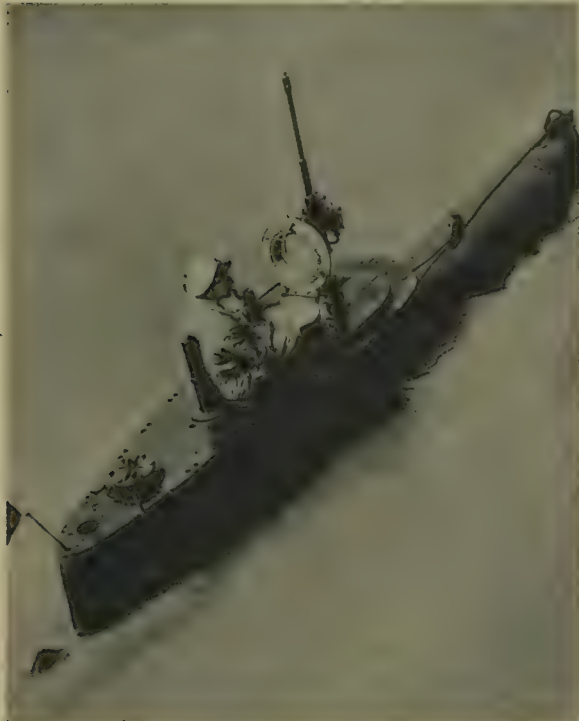


BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE RE-SURFACED: A VIEW OF THE NEW DUAL CARRIAGE-WAY WITH ROOM FOR THREE LINES OF TRAFFIC ON EACH SIDE.
Blackfriars Bridge, which was built in 1869, was widened in 1908 to make room for the tram-lines for the new electric trams. The trams have gone and now the tram-lines have been ripped up and the roadway has been re-surfaced and turned into a dual carriage-way with room for three lines of traffic.

NEWS EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD:
A CAMERA SURVEY OF ITEMS OF INTEREST.



THE WORLD'S FASTEST AIRCRAFT: A VIEW OF THE HAWKER HUNTER JET FIGHTER WHICH AVERAGED 727.6 M.P.H. ON SEPTEMBER 7.
On September 7 Squadron Leader Neville Duke, a portrait of whom appears on page 386, made two further attempts on the world's air speed record, the present American provisional record being 715.7 m.p.h. After the runs near Littlehampton, the Royal Aero Club announced that, subject to confirmation, he had set up a new record.



TAKING PART IN COMBINED MANOEUVRES OFF THE AMERICAN COAST: A FRENCH MIDGET SUBMARINE AT SEA.
France has four midget submarines which were taken over from Germany at the end of the war. They are of the "Seehond" type, carrying two electric torpedoes, and have a two-man crew. Two of these vessels have been taking part in combined manoeuvres off the Virginian coast, U.S.A., and were transported by cargo-boat.



BRILLIANT IN A NEW COAT OF PAINT: SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS' PAGODA IN KEW GARDENS.
The well-known pagoda in Kew Gardens, designed by Sir William Chambers, has recently been repainted, and it now shines brilliantly with its balconies and the undersides of the projecting roofs painted red and the angles of the roofs painted blue. The pagoda is 163 ft. high and has ten storeys, each decreasing by 1 ft. in diameter to the top.



A NEW EXPERIENCE FOR VISITORS TO THE ENGINEERING AND MARINE EXHIBITION: WATCHING A DIVER AT WORK.
The Engineering, Marine and Welding Exhibition at Olympia (September 3-17) provides a new experience for those who like to stop and watch men at work. Visitors are invited to stop and watch a diver at work in a tank of water using under-water cutting tools. The exhibition is the largest of its kind in the world.



AN AIR DISASTER IN WHICH FORTY-TWO PERSONS WERE KILLED: THE SCENE WHERE AN AIR-FRANCE CONSTELLATION AIRLINER CRASHED ON SEPTEMBER 1.
On the night of September 1 an Air-France Constellation airliner en route from Paris to Saigon crashed in the French Alps, with the loss of thirty-three passengers and nine crew. Our photograph shows where the aircraft hit the mountain (marked by arrow) and the spot where the bodies were found (indicated by cross). A portrait of M. Thibaud, one of the passengers, appears on another page in this issue.



A RAILWAY DISASTER IN WHICH FOUR PERSONS WERE INJURED: THE WRECKAGE OF THE COACH DERAILED AT BETHNAL GREEN JUNCTION.
On September 4, a train from Liverpool Street to Ipswich was derailed at Bethnal Green Junction, and one coach was shattered against a steel gantry. Fortunately, only a few passengers were in this coach and only four received injuries. A brake-van crashed against a platform and was also damaged.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

MOST generalisations about male and female character are on the silly side; and it is just the same with male and female novelists. Really they can't be criticised *en masse*. But on occasion it is fun to try, and then one might as well go the whole hog. Sweepingly, therefore, I suggest that femininity in art works with a bodkin, while the more powerful sex works with a bludgeon. Either extreme can put one off, but while the over-feminine becomes an irritant, the unadulterated male sinks one in bleak dismay. Which flavour one detects the sooner and dislikes the more is probably a sex question again; and there does come a point (though only with the smaller fry) when like is only readable to like. Here it is still a good way off, but in two novels of the week we see it looming. Each has appeal, but each intensively in its own kind.

"**Kingfishers Catch Fire**," by Rumer Godden (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.), is in its way so expert, so adorned and so compact of sweets that it may seem fantastic to want more. Indeed, what more could it provide? It has a beautiful, exotic scene—a mountain village in Kashmir: a heroine all glint and impulse, like the kingfisher: a brace of children in the house: a gradually fermenting storm, which breaks loose in a thunder-clap: and then a rain-washed sky, and—possibly—a moral advance. Though the moral element is rather slick and vague. Sophie, who "must do as she must," has spent her life darting from here to there, from one enthusiasm to the next, and from remorse, when some experiment has gone awry, to yet another habitat and plunge. At thirty-five she has alighted in Kashmir with her two children—the baby Moo, to whom all perches are alike, and plump unglamorous Teresa, who quails at every move, and yearns for Camberley with her whole spirit. Sophie has not much patience with Teresa.

As for her husband, a poor, weak soul with an irrelevantly handsome face, she has contrived to shed him by the way. But she still drew on him for cash; and now he dies in debt. Sophie has almost nothing of her own. First she resolves to earn, and ends up in the Mission hospital; and then she gets a new idea. Peasants can live on almost nothing. She and the children will be peasants, leading a simple and idyllic life in a sweet, rustic cot. . . .

Everyone tells her it won't do, that it is much too far, and that she may be robbed of everything. "Peasants don't steal," says Sophie. "Peasants are simple and honest and kindly and quiet. . . ." Sophie invincibly knows best; and she goes on knowing best while the kind, simple villagers are slipping poison in her food and battering her child unconscious.

Only Teresa doesn't die, so it can all come right. Sophie, a heroine once more, can flash to pastures new, and say that "People must do as they must" with her old smugness. In other words, it is an artful and complacent little book: rather too precious, like its name, but exquisitely set and turned.

OTHER FICTION.

"**The Wonderful Country**," by Tom Lea (Heinemann; 15s.), takes us right out into the air, to the unscented wilderness. Though I have not read "The Brave Bulls," it had prepared me by analogy for something tough. But this is not tough in the least; it may be shortly, and I hope inoffensively, described as a boy's book for men. Here the untamed masculine in fiction has its proper place—here in the wilds, among Apaches, and gunmen, and *rancheros*, and journeys on a gallant steed, and acts of simple villainy and derring-do. Such stories *ought* to be all-male, and they have nothing of that anti-charm which can infect the masculine at other levels.

And I may add that the true genre, although it has the aura of a commonplace, seems to be virtually extinct. Perhaps because the life it sprang from is extinct. Though Mr. Lea can set the scene at his own door—around the Mexico and Texas border—he has put back the clock to the last Indian raids and the first coming of the railway. This is a favourable gap of time, for keeping "period" alive. The manner has a touch of Hemingway—only skin-deep. It is a fine, large tale, with room for everything, but well though spaciouly designed.

"**Aunt Jeanne**" (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 8s. 6d.) is M. Simonon once more, and still "redeemed." Jeanne Martineau, after a long, unsavoury career in foreign parts, has crawled back, piteous and finished, to her early home, hoping that somebody will take her in. Instead of which, she has to turn to as a prop and stay. Her brother has just hanged himself; the widow is hysterical and alcoholic, the son a weak-kneed boy, the daughter a remorseful rake; the house is upside-down, and nobody contributes anything but scenes and squalls. Jeanne copes with the whole family in turn, does all the work, and feels surprisingly at peace. But she is dropsical; and as "Aunt Jeanne" in a new, humble home, she would soon work herself to death. Nor is it even certain she could put them straight—but she decides to have a go.

This is a lightweight Simonon, deftly tossed up, yet with no great distinction but the atmosphere of Jeanne's return.

In "**Dead End**," by John Stephen Strange (Collins; 9s. 6d.), a woman is on trial for murder, seventeen years after the event. She was the victim's former wife; they were both French, and after a New York divorce, and her remarriage to an elderly, rich doctor, Michael was thrown out of a window, down a river-cliff. They had a love-nest there, in the assumed name of Lecoq. Madame Lecoq vanished away, and only chance has finally connected her with Valentina Abbott, widowed by a third husband's death. Now there are many who can swear to her, and the whole story is revealed in court, and in the judge's intermediate reflections. I really can't swallow the judge, who loved her frantically in the early days, and therefore had no business to preside. But she herself is a good figure, of the Manon Lescaut type; and, in addition to the drama and suspense, which are maintained all through, the plot has a fair streak of realism.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THIS week's play is from the recent British Championships at Hastings. Two brilliant brevities and a heartening "save"—heartening because it reminds us that no game is lost until it is over.

CENTRE COUNTER.

G. F.	P. N.	G. F.	P. N.
HARRIS	WALLIS	HARRIS	WALLIS
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-Q4	4. P-Q4	Kt-QB3
2. P×P	Q×P	5. B-Q2	Kt×P?
3. Kt-QB3	Q-QR4		

After this the loss of a piece by Black is inevitable.

6. Kt-Kt5	Q-Kt3	10. Q×Kt	P-QR3
7. B-K3	Q-R4ch	11. R-Q1	P-QB3
8. P-QK4!	Q×KtPch	12. Q-Kt6	Resigns
9. P-QB3	Q-R4		

When Black has attended to the threat of 13. R-Q8 mate, for instance by 12. . . . Q×Q, he has still, after the reply 13. B×Q, no time for 13. . . . P×Kt.

From the Major event:

SCOTCH OPENING.

A. A.	E. G.	A. A.	E. G.
THOMSON	ANSELL	THOMSON	ANSELL
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-K4	5. B-K3	Q-K2
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	6. Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3
3. P-Q4	P×P	7. Kt-B5	Q-K4
4. Kt×P	B-B4	8. P-B4	Resigns

Poor queen—nowhere to go! And now the "save": this position was reached after 22 moves between T. K. Hemingway (White) and V. J. A. Russ (Black) in the British Championship:



A careful inspection of White's position reveals it to be nearing collapse. How is his attacked pawn on Qb4 to be defended? 23. Kt-Q2 would allow 23. . . . Q-R8 mate. 23. R-QB1 could, because of the same threat, be answered by 23. . . . B-Kt4. So, taking the bull by the horns . . .

23. P-Q5	P×P	26. Kt-B5	Q-B4
24. B×B	Q×B	27. P×P!	R-B3
25. Kt-R4	Q-Q5		

Because 27. . . . Q×Q? would allow 28. Kt-K7ch, K-R1; 29. R×Rch, R×R; 30. R×R mate. White has managed to conjure up resources, move by move, out of thin air, and now, after 28. Q×Q, R×Q, the game was agreed drawn.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE VILE, THE VIOLIN AND THE VEIL.

THERE are few less attractive characters in the history of literature than Samuel Butler. It was of the age of chivalry that Edmund Burke wrote that "vice itself lost half its evil, through losing all its grossness." Of Samuel Butler and his unpleasing friends the very opposite is the truth: the vice itself was absent—or we may reasonably suppose it to have been absent—but the grossness was palpable. First, and worst, there was the detestable Pauli, as vile a blackmailer as ever crawled and sponged. Then there was Jones, of whom the worst that can be said is that he appears to have been dullness personified. There was Hans, the vulgar and commonplace little Swiss whom Butler and Jones "adopted" for the purposes of romantic spoiling, and Alfred, Butler's manservant, who was allowed, and took, very considerable liberties. One must, however, remember that to remain in

constant attendance upon Butler cannot have been every gentleman's gentlemen's cup of tea. The whole story is a Freudian psychiatrist's dream. The background to Samuel Butler contains the clinging, sentimental, but totally unreliable mother, and the father of Victorian fiction—pompous, stern, tyrannical and religious. In his photograph, the old gentleman looks positively ferocious. Yet it is the great merit of Mr. Philip Henderson's "**Samuel Butler**" (Cohen and West; 18s.) that he does not take the easy line of heaping all the blame upon Butler's parents. To deal justly and impartially with a pack of people who seem to have nothing in common except a propensity to arouse the violent antagonism of all who met them, or who read about them, is a most difficult feat—yet Mr. Henderson has accomplished it. It is this strict detachment and objectivity that makes his judgments so convincing, so that one feels that the picture that he has drawn is as accurate and lifelike as possible. Quoting Samuel's correspondence with his father during his time at Cambridge, Mr. Henderson writes: "One gets the impression as the letters proceed of an old tired bull being skilfully played by a picador. The picador approaches and sticks his feathered darts into the bull, then quickly shifts his ground as the tormented beast rushes past. Then the poor bull, instead of charging again, complains of being ill-used." (Mem. to Mr. Henderson: Picadors don't have "feathered darts," they sit still on their sorry nags and push at the bull with their "pic"—or lance; but let that pass.) Nothing, too, could be more convincing than Mr. Henderson's review of Butler's "Shakespeare's Sonnets Reconsidered." Not even when he quotes the abominable sonnet which Butler addressed to Miss Savage—the only woman in his life, and the only person who seems to have exercised a good influence upon him—does Mr. Henderson lose his temper. I congratulate him, but now that I know so much more about Samuel Butler, I shall never read "Erewhon" again.

It was a relief to turn from the turgid cesspool of Samuel Butler's private life to the elegance, distinction, wit, good humour and good observation of men and affairs displayed by Mr. Eric Linklater in his discursive volume of autobiographical essays, "**A Year of Space**" (Macmillan; 18s.). He ranges from Korea to Australia and New Zealand, with "cuts-back" to Scotland, and everywhere he finds some delightful anecdote to tell us. I was greatly taken with the drunken and dishevelled G.I., rescued by a serious and conscientious officer from a disreputable situation, and subjected to a homily "You ought to get a hobby," said the officer, "Find something you like, something you're interested in, and that'll keep you out of mischief."—"I got a hobby," said the boy, "And I like it."—"You have? Well, that's fine. That's just how it should be. What is your hobby?"—"Dames," said the boy; and with a swift but staggering gait, went off down a side-street. Equally good, but in a different key, is Mr. Linklater's story of his feeling of shame when at the age of twelve or thirteen, after a blank day with a gun, he had shot at and killed a sleeping mallard. "A Year of Space" will make one of the best bedside books.

It was not, perhaps, to be expected that the life of a child whose mother beheld angels and fell into continual trances would be altogether humdrum. But Paganini—of whom, I confess, I knew very little before reading Renée de Saussine's biography, "**Paganini**" (Hutchinson; 16s.)—seems to have been determined to make both his private and his public life as elaborate as possible. In 1815, at the age of thirty-five, he treated a young Italian girl with singular and repulsive callousness, and was fined by the Senate's Court at Genoa, after a day's imprisonment. The incident was disgusting, but it must be confessed that rumour and legend seem to have made more than the most of it. It was, we ought perhaps to remember, the age of Byron. But besides these Byronic tendencies, I can find little in Paganini—if we set his genius aside—except vanity and abnormal physical dexterity. Mlle. de Saussine's style is distinctly Gallic. "Chevalier! With a flaming bow in his hand! What was he, Archangel or Lucifer? It was all one to him." It was, I am afraid, all one to me, too.

When a book is entitled "**Without Veils**," and is described on the jacket as an "intimate biography"—especially when I am told later on that a previous publication by the same author was called "Rarely Pure"—my mind leaps to distressing conclusions. But Mr. Sewell Stokes' biography of Gladys Cooper (Peter Davies; 15s.) disappoints (if that is the right word) the expectations so formed. It is an unusual and rather attractive biography, based on the sorting out of trunks of old letters and souvenirs, so that it contains a great deal of original material, and much verbatim reporting of Miss Cooper's own memories.

I had always imagined, for no very good reason, that the Red Cross was a development of the twentieth century, but I find from Miss Ellen Hart's "**Man Born To Live**" (Gollancz; 22s. 6d.) that I am wrong. Her subject is Henry Dunant, the founder of the Red Cross Organisation, who happened to be present at the Battle of Solferino and was horrified at the lack of help for the wounded. The rest of his life he devoted to getting international support for his conception, which was finally realised as the Red Cross. I am disturbed to find that he encountered the determined opposition of Miss Nightingale.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

K. JOHN.

Thanks...



Tobacco at Its Best



GOOD CARS HAVE
BRITISH
LEATHER
UPHOLSTERY

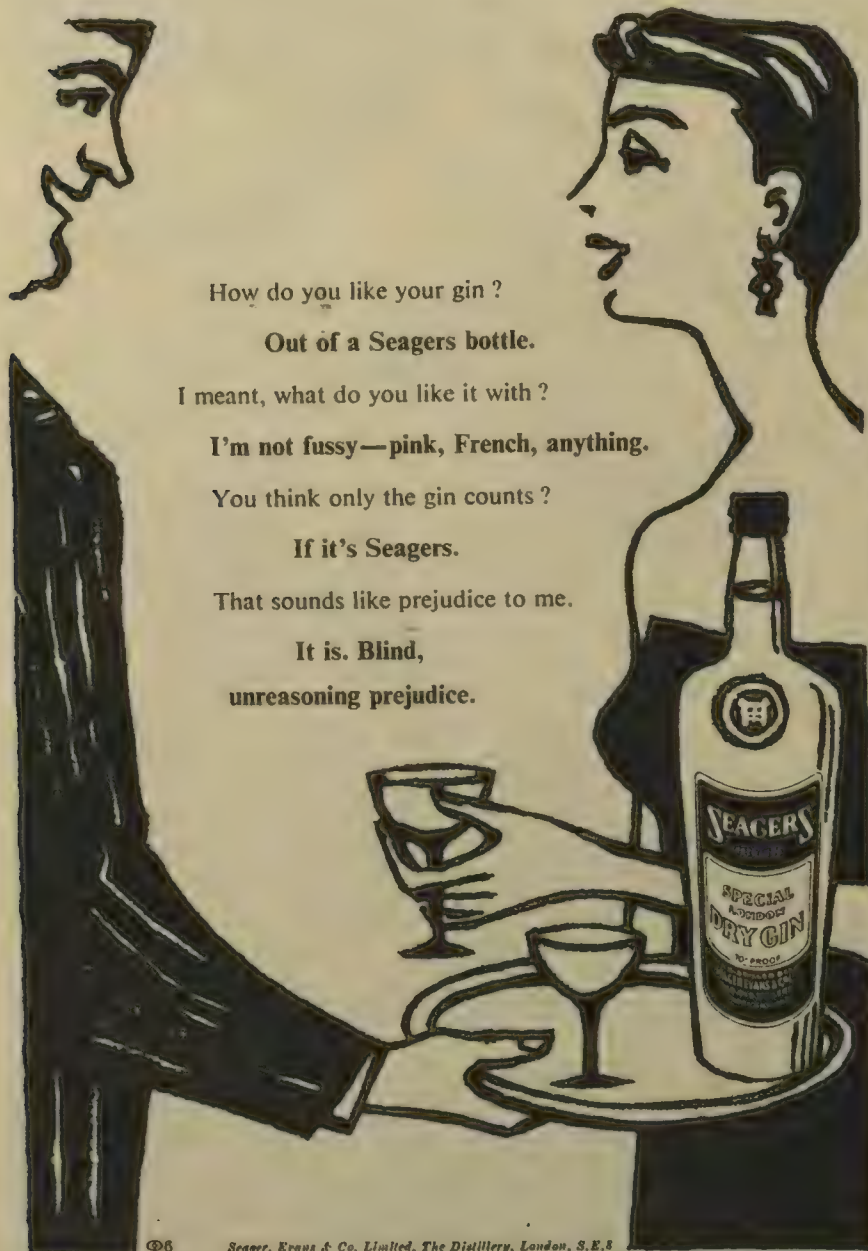
For luxurious comfort there's nothing like leather



A gracious welcome to your guests

20/- bottle

• 10/6 half-bottle



How do you like your gin?

Out of a Seagers bottle.

I meant, what do you like it with?

I'm not fussy—pink, French, anything.

You think only the gin counts?

If it's Seagers.

That sounds like prejudice to me.

It is. Blind,
unreasoning prejudice.



THE CONNOISSEUR'S KUMMEL

MENTZENDORFF
Kummel

MADE FROM THE BLANKENHAGEN
FAMILY RECIPE, OVER
125 YEARS OLD.

Sole Importers:
J. & W. NICHOLSON
& CO. LTD.,
London.



THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD



This sovereign Whisky possesses that distinction of flavour which will claim your allegiance from the first sip.

HIGHLAND QUEEN

SCOTCH WHISKY

MACDONALD & MUIR LTD Distillers, Leith, Scotland

**SOUTH AFRICA
AUSTRALIA &
NEW ZEALAND**

You can travel via Suez Canal or South Africa to Australia or via Panama Canal to New Zealand when going by

SHAW SAVILL LINE

11A, LOWER REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.
TELEPHONE: WHITEHALL 1485

The only original

WOLFSCHMIDT

famous
since
1847



KUMMEL

Sole Importers:

J. R. PARKINGTON & CO. LTD., 161 New Bond Street, W.1

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Still dependent on Voluntary Gifts and Legacies.

Children in need find a warm welcome in Dr. Barnardo's Homes. More than 143,000 have been rescued by these Homes in 87 years; 7,000 are now supported. Please help by sending a gift of

10/-

for our family's food.



Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable: "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," should be sent to 92, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1939.

Patron—HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
President—The Rt. Hon. The EARL of HALIFAX, K.G., P.C.
Chairman of the Council—Professor H. R. DEAN, M.D., F.R.C.P.
Hon. Treasurer—Mr. DICKSON WRIGHT, F.R.C.S.
Director—Dr. JAMES CRAIGIE, O.B.E., F.R.S.

The Fund was founded in 1902 under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England and is governed by representatives of many medical and scientific institutions. It is a centre for research and information on Cancer and carries on continuous and systematic investigations in up-to-date laboratories at Mill Hill. Our knowledge has so increased that the disease is now curable in ever greater numbers.

LEGACIES, DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS are urgently needed for the maintenance and extension of our work.

Subscriptions should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Mr. Dickson Wright, F.R.C.S., at Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby bequeath the sum of _____ to the Imperial Cancer Research Fund (Treasurer, Mr. Dickson Wright, F.R.C.S.) at Royal College of Surgeons of England, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2, for the purpose of Scientific Research, and I direct that the Treasurer's receipt shall be a good discharge for such legacy.



Life has 'Continental' charm at the Imperial, Torquay. Tropical palms, blue skies, your own sunny beach, tennis, squash . . . or just relax in the luxury of Europe's finest seashore hotel. Write for Brochure A Tel.: 4301

The *Imperial*
TORQUAY

The English Hotel in the Mediterranean Manner

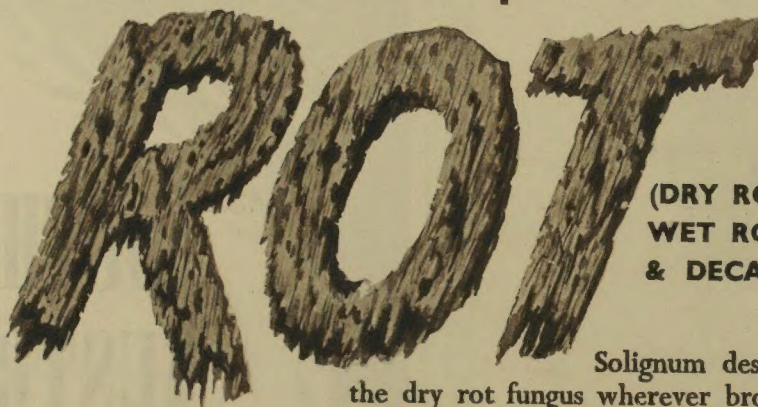
Doctor **BRIGHTON** prescribes...

. . . A week's complete change amid the early-Autumn charms of sunny, tonic Brighton. Let the cocktail air of sea and Downs work its miracle of refreshment for you. Brighton's New Season will be on with "London" shows, Autumn fashion displays in the shops, sport. Brighton is unrivalled as a health resort. Try it; you'll be glad you did.

★ Thackeray's description: "Kind, cheerful, merry Dr. Brighton."

Guide 6d. post free; hotels list FREE from M. M. Butterworth, 4 Royal York Buildings, Brighton.

SOLIGNUM is the complete answer to—



(DRY ROT
WET ROT
& DECAY)

Solignum destroys the dry rot fungus wherever brought into contact with it, and gives complete immunity against further attack. Solignum Wood Preservatives are made to penetrate into the wood and remain as an active barrier against decay, affording protection from dampness, exposure to weather, dry rot, wet rot, wood borers, and all other enemies of Timber. Solignum is easily applied by brush, by dipping or by spray gun.

AND WOOD BEETLES TOO!

There are 3 kinds of Solignum

Solignum Wood Preserving Stain

For constructional timber, fences, sheds, joists, flooring, etc., to prevent and destroy dry-rot fungus.

V.D.K. Solignum Wood Preservative

In Green, Brown and colourless; can be painted over if desired. Essential for greenhouses, netting and canvas.

Solignum Wood Beetle Destroyer

A specially prepared solution to destroy wood boring beetles, i.e. 'Woodworm', in furniture and constructional timber.

Solignum Advisory Service. Let experts help you in preserving your woodwork and avoid costly repairs and replacements. Write for descriptive leaflets and advice **FREE**.



Sole Makers

Solignum Ltd., Donington House, Norfolk St., Strand, W.C.2.

wood preserve it!

SHERRY LOVERS
are an elect
company . . .

. . . because they know that there is really only one aperitif for the genuine gourmet—Sherry. They know, too, that many people with a critical palate order pale, dry, 'Pintail' direct from Matthew Gloag & Son Ltd. of Perth, importers of fine Sherries since 1800. A special trial package of two bottles is available at the acceptably economic price of 42/4d. and you are invited to send your cheque right away.

One dozen bottles, carriage paid, £12.

Pintail Sherry

Matthew Gloag & Son Ltd., Perth, Scotland Est. 1800

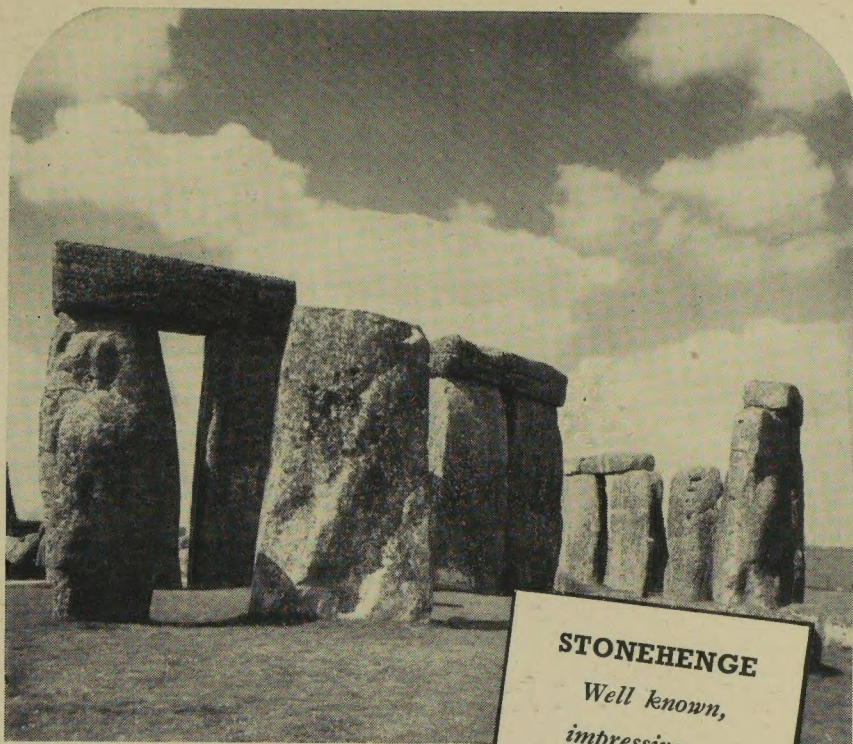
The ALL-BRITISH
Conway Stewart

Price
No. 58 30/-
28 24/6
388 21/-
75 15/9



The Popular Pen
with the
Marvellous Nib

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



... as is the
reputation for service
and security of the



**LONDON & LANCASHIRE
INSURANCE COMPANY LTD.**

Chief Administration: 7 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2



“Qu'est-ce que vous

“WHAT HAVE YOU

avez dans ce grand

IN THAT BIG

panier-là, Grand'maman?”

BASKET

GRANDMA?”

“Chut! Mon enfant, j'ai trois

“HUSH!

MY

CHILD,

I HAVE THREE

bouteilles de Dubonnet

BOTTLES

OF

DUBONNET

pour l'anniversaire de

FOR THE

BIRTHDAY

OF

ton grand-père.” “Heureux

YOUR GRANDFATHER.”

“LUCKY

Grand-papa! Aurai-je un

GRANDPA!

WILL I HAVE A

anniversaire chaque

BIRTHDAY

EVERY

semaine quand je serai

WEEK

WHEN

I'M A

grand-père?”

GRANDFATHER?”

Have you tried Dubonnet as a long summer drink? Here's how:—Pour a man-sized measure of Dubonnet into a man-sized glass. Top up with soda and toss in a slice of lemon. Add ice if available. Swallow. Delicious! Refill. Swallow. Etc.

DUBONNET

DOES NOT AFFECT THE LIVER

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD. ST. ALBANS, HERTS.



BURNETT'S 'White Satin' Gin is as distinctive as its bottle. There is no other Gin quite as good. Its Smooth as Satin quality is the same today as it has been for nearly two hundred years. And here's the surprising thing—it's the same price as ordinary Gins!

MAXIMUM U.K. PRICES

33/9 per bottle • 17/7 half bottle • 9/2 qtr. bottle • 3/7 miniatures

❖ IN DEFENCE OF FREEDOM . . . IN PURSUIT OF PEACE . . . NO. 8 IN A SERIES ❖



$P_{\phi} = T + \frac{1}{4} \phi (S^P / s_{\phi})$ — What does it mean?

To most of us *nothing* . . . but to Ted Bromley, a research man at High Duty Alloys, it is a formula he uses every day. Here he is fatigue-testing a Sapphire jet engine compressor blade . . . testing the metal that goes into these vital blades to be sure they can withstand the tremendous heat.

High Duty Alloys are the leading British manufacturers of aluminium alloys in the form of ingots, billets, forgings, extrusions, sand and die castings. At their superb modern factories at Slough, Redditch and Distington are made many of the airframe components of Britain's air fleets and the blades and impellers of gas turbine compressors. There too are made many everyday products . . . moulds for hot water bottles, bicycle crank shafts, domestic, as well as many complicated industrial products . . . rainwater goods, bobbins for textile mills, castings for electrical equipment, plough yokes for tractors, machine tool frames. At Redditch is housed a giant new 12,000 ton forging press . . . one of the biggest in Europe!

High Duty Alloys is another of the companies of the great Hawker Siddeley Group, the industrial commonwealth that serves Britain in peace and in war. The Group is renowned for its jet aircraft and jet engines — the Hawker Hunter,

the Gloster Javelin, the Avro Vulcan, the Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire, the Sea Hawk, the Shackleton, the Avro Canada Orenda — but not so many people know that the Group and its 60,000 employees in plants all over England make all manner of equipment for 50 different peace-time industries — farming, building, transport, heavy and light engineering and alloys.

"Hiduminium" and "Magnuminium" are trade marks of High Duty Alloys Ltd. These are available as castings, extrusions, forgings and stampings. They are also available for export as rolled sheet, strip, circles and plate. For more detailed information . . . or, if you have a problem in alloys may we suggest you write to the Managing Director, High Duty Alloys Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

Hawker Siddeley Group

18 St. James's Square, London, S.W.1

PIONEER . . . AND WORLD LEADER IN AVIATION

A. V. ROE · GLOSTER · ARMSTRONG WHITWORTH · HAWKER · AVRO CANADA · ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY · HAWKSLEY · BROCKWORTH ENGINEERING · AIR SERVICE TRAINING · HIGH DUTY ALLOYS

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Millford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly at the Office, Ingram House, 175-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. Saturday, September 12, 1953
Registered as a Newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom and to Canada by Magazine Post. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903. Agents for Australasia: Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Branches: Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland and Dunedin, N.Z.; Launceston and Hobart, Tasmania.